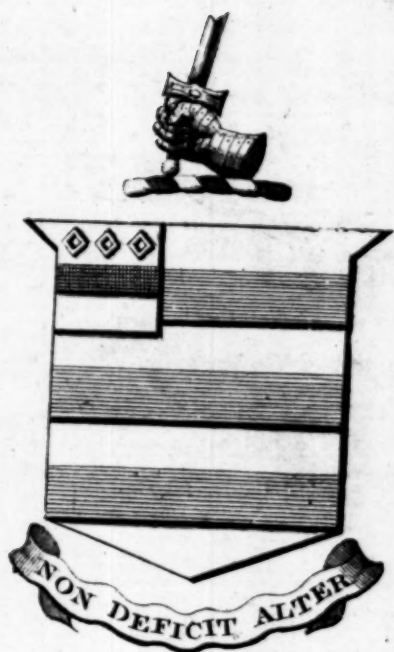




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Si
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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Countess of EXETER.

MADAM,



AM delighted in having Permission to lay this Work at your Ladyship's Feet, to which attempt I was encouraged by casting an Eye on that great Wit-Worthy of his Time, Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, whose Steps, with awful Distance, I now take Leave to trace; and beg this may find the same Acceptance through your Goodness, as his found thro' its own Merit; and then I am sure my *Roman* Heroes will be as safe in the Protection of the Countess of *Exeter*, as his *Arcadians* were in that of the Countess of *Pembroke*. Your Ladyship's Vertue and Prudence having gained so absolute an Empire over the Hearts of the World, that none can reject what you are pleas'd to approve, nor slight what you are pleas'd to encourage:

The DEDICATION.

rage: So that one gracious Look from your Ladyship will raise my EXILIUS from his Dust, and make him live; live in the Hearts of all the Fair, and in the Esteem of all his own Sex, 'till they make his unfashionable Constancy become the newest Mode, by their wearing it, in practising what they have so long exploded and ridiculed.

Thus it is in your Ladyship's Power to reform the World, and restore heroic Love to its ancient Jurisdiction. It is in your Power, Madam, to dissipate all those Clouds of Tribulation which encircled these my *Roman* Lovers, from the Time of their Separation at *Rome*, 'till their Return to their Father's House in the Country.

And now, Madam, give me Leave to pause a little — Was it not *Burleigh-house*, with its Park, Shades, and Walks, that formed in me the first Idea of my SCIPIO's Country Retreat? Most sure it was; for when I compos'd my *Romance*, I knew nothing farther from Home than *Burleigh* and *Worthorp*. And 'tis as true, that those bright Heroines I have endeavoured to characterize, are but some faint Resemblances of the noble Ladies, who inhabited those stately Palaces; amongst whom none has been a greater Ornament to this noble Family than your Ladyship. I dare not enter upon the Particulars of those Perfections which charm all that know you, lest I should lessen

The DEDICATION.

lessen what I most desire to commend, they being above my Capacity ; and tho' this be the Common Excuse of all defective Writers, yet, I rather chuse that beaten Tract, than deviate into Compliments, which by Education renders me incapable to perform ; therefore shall conclude with the Words of that great Sage ; *Many Daughters have done virtuously, But thou excellest them all* : Chiefly in Humility and Condescension, in raising me from my Obscurity, to the Honour of subscribing my self, with profound Respect,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

WILSTHORP,
June 10, 1715.

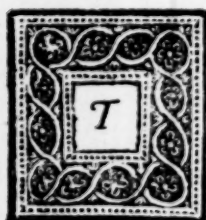
JANE BARKER.



THE



THE P R E F A C E.



HO' I cannot Fee my Fancy with the Hopes of Praise or Profit from the following Book, yet I am willing to plead its Cause, and deliver it with as fair a Title as I can to my Reader's Approbation, to which ('tis said) Books of this Kind have very little Right. For the Grave dislike them for treating on so gay a Subject; and the Sparks, for confining the Subject to such strict Rules of Vertue and Honour: So that a Romance is like the Husband in the Fable, whose Young Wife pull'd out all his Grey Hairs, and his Old one, the Black. Thus it fared with this Kind of Heroick Love of late; it has been, as it were, rally'd out of Practice, and its Professors laugh'd out of Countenance, while Interest and loose Gallantry have been set up in its Place, and monopolized all its Business and Effects. How far this has been an Inlet to that Deluge of Libertinism which has overflow'd the Age, the many unhappy Marriages, and unkind Separations, may inform us, and at the same Time shew how proper an Ingredient Love is towards the making an happy Marriage; for where Love is not the Cement,

The P R E F A C E.

as well as Interest the Foundation, the Super-structure of Conjugal Faith seldom stands long; the first Wind that blows at the Change of Honey-Moon, will go near to shake, if not quite overthrow the Fabrick. Nor can it be otherwise expected, since a Blessing from Heaven attends not on those who enter the holy State of Matrimony thro' the Gate of Perjury, by vowing everlasting Love where their Affections scarce surmount Indifferency, but count upon a Beau Gallant, or a Coquet Mistress to answer all Hymeneal Happiness; so it is but just they fail of that Felicity in their Espousals, they aim'd not at in their Courtship. To these it is not strange that Heroic Love appears a Phantom or Chimera, but to those who aim at a happy Marriage, by the Way of Virtue and Honour, need consider but very little, to find that it lies through, or borders upon Heroic Love; so that Romances, (which commonly treat of this virtuous Affection,) are not to be discarded, as wholly useless.

In the next Place, the Study of these Books helps to open the Understanding of young Readers, to distinguish between real Worth and superficial Appearances, whereby they discern that it is not a laced Coat, or a large Wig, that makes a Cæsar or a Scipio; nor all the Utensils of the Toilet can make a compleat Heroine, but true Virtue and Honour: Wherefore, one may reasonably conclude, that it is many Times Want of Helps to make this Distinction, which
causes

The P R E F A C E.

causes young People to make Shipwreck of their Fortune. The hopeful young Heir brings Home a Player or Exchange-Maid, wherewith to bless his Father's grey Hairs; and the young Lady recompenses her Mother's careful Education with some beggarly Beau, or rake-hell Gamester, who, perhaps, never had Luck in his Life, but in winning of her. Whereas, 'tis to be hoped, that a View of those worthy Characters which Romances represent, might assist them to avoid such dangerous Naufrages, and fix their Affections where Duty and Merit require: And not only so, but even in a regular Affection, they may find Assistance from these Kind of Writings, to demean themselves gracefully. For, since Love is the Passion which generally attends Youth, it is very hard they should be the only Part of Mankind that must act a Scene on this World's Theatre, without being permitted to con their Part before-hand. But beside these Love-Lectures, the young Readers may also reap many Handfuls of good Morality, and likewise gather some Gleanings of History, and Acquaintance with the ancient Poets. In short, I think I may say of Romances, as Mr. Herbert says of Poetry, and hope, that a pleasant Story may find him who flies a serious Lecture.

I might add many Things to evince the Advantage as well as the Innocence of these Kind of Writings; but since the Archbishop of Cambridge, and Mr. Dryden, have done it in Fact, I think

THE PREFACE.

I think I need say no more, but refer my Reader to those great Authors, whose Writings have pleased all the World; tho' I think I may say, none have found better Reception than their Romances, *Telemachus* on the one Part, and *Chaucer's Tales* revived on the other.

Now, after what has been alledged in general, something may be expected of this in particular; but that's very difficult, it being as nauseous to praise one's own Writing, as to compliment one's own Face; and to dispraise it, is to hinder the Bookseller, and affront the Reader, in offering him a Book not worth one's own Suffrage. However, one may venture (without Offence) to use the Words of some that have read it in Manuscript: First, that the Author was certainly in Love when 'twas wrote; so, 'tis to be hoped, that that Passion is rightly represented. In the next Place 'twas liked, because 'twas free from long Speeches, and tedious Descriptions of Towns, Places, Sieges, Battles, Horses, and their Trappings, &c. Nevertheless, I have since put in one Description, (and but one) which is pretty long, and that is of a Garden; but it being added since the Book was composed, those who love not Descriptions may pass it over unread, without any Prejudice to the substantial Part of the Story.

Another Reader was pleased to say, It was a Mark of great Vertue in the Author, that could render such an idle Subject both pure and useful; so, 'tis to be hoped, there is nothing opposite to real Vertue;

The P R E F A C E.

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THE PREFACE.

Virtue. I am sure, if I knew or thought there were, I would burn both the Copy and my Fingers, rather than employ them towards its Publication; but I trust it is such, as no Body need fear to read, nor the Author blush to own. 'Tis true, there are the Characters of two or three ill Persons; but they are inserted by Way of Abhorrence. The Story of Turpius, indeed, is so unnatural, that if I could have alter'd, or taken it away, without unravelling the whole, I would have done it, and not have made the Daughter of so ill a Man, Wife to so great an Hero; nor would have compos'd so improbable a Story, but that I had heard of such a Kind of Transaction in our Times, and so wrote the Character, to render it detestable. I call him Turpius, as being more wicked than Clodius, who was such an ill Liver in his Time, as caus'd that Proverb, Clodius accusat Mœchos. But if these Characters are disagreeable to the serious Reader, there are others to make amends: But whether there be any that will hit the general Humour of the Age or not, is doubtful; since there is none that will teach a Gentleman to scorn his Country Seat, nor a Tradesman his Shop. Lewdness is not approved in Youth, nor Moroseness made the Character of Old Age; the latter of which, I think, has been the crying Fault of many of these Kinds of Writings. The elder, and consequently the wiser Part of Mankind, have been render'd ridiculous, morose, and troublesome, as if good Humour was inconsistent with Years,

and

The P R E F A C E.

and both *Wit* and *Manners* to be laid aside, together with tawdry *Cloaths*; and as the *Face* ceases to be smooth, the *Manners* must grow rough. Such *Characters*, as they are an *Affront* to the *Aged*, so they are often prejudicial to the *Young*, who are too apt to build *Disobedience* on that *Foundation*; and when their wise *Parents* oppose their *Follies*, are apt to draw a *Parallel* between them and those ill *Characters* they have met withal. This *Consideration*, I think, ought to make every *Author* careful how he represents these *Persons*; one *Stroke* of a *Pen* being capable of doing more *Mischief* than many *Volumes* can repair.

As to the *Historical Part*, I suppose the *Reader* does not expect much *Exactness*, it being a *Romance*, not an *History*; so, it matters not who, or who, were *Cotemporaries*; but there having been such and such *Names* and *Families*, one may reasonably suppose that some of the *Children*, or *Branches* of those *Families*, flourish'd all at the same *Time*; which is sufficient to vindicate the *Book* in that *Point*, from extreme *Absurdity*.

The *Language*, I hope, my *Readers* will accept, it being the familiar *Stile* of the *Age*; neither so obsolete, nor so refined, as to render it obtruse; at least, I designed it intelligible: But if in this, or any *Thing* else, I have fail'd to please, I am very ready to beg *Pardon*, correct, and amend. In the mean *Time*, ADIEU.

T O

TO MRS. BARKER.

Condemn me not, *Galefia*, FAIR unknown,
If I, to praise Thee, first my Error own;
A partial View and Prejudice of Fame
Slighted thy Pages for the *Novel's* Name *.
Methought I scorn'd of Nymphs and Knights to dream,
And all the Trifles of a *Love-Tale* Scheme;
Poor dry *Romances* of a tortur'd Brain,
Where we see none but the Composer's Pain.
Thus I, by former Rules of Judgment led,
But soon my Fault recanted as I read.

So by false *Seers* misdoubting Men betray'd,
Are often of the real Guide afraid;
But when by Proof convinc'd they lend an Ear,
Their Truths *Diviner* from their Foils appear.

Who now can bear the stiff affected Vein,
Their *Loves*, their *Cupids*, and their idle Train,
Which Fools are pleas'd with, and which Madmen feign?
When here we may with juster Wonder view
The Charms of Nature, and those painted True;
By what strange Springs our real Passions move,
How vain are all Disguises when we Love;
What Wiles and Stratagems the Men secure,
And what the tortur'd *Female Hearts* endure;
Compell'd to stifle what they feign would tell,
While Truth commands, but Honour must rebel.

All this, so well, so naturally dress'd
At once with Wit and Innocence express'd,
So true appears, so just, and yet so plain,
We mourn thy Sorrows, and we feel thy Pain.
None here is like thy *False Dissembler* found,
All pity Thee, but He who gave the Wound.

And yet the perjur'd Swain, *Galefia*, spare,
Nor urge on Vengeance with a hasty Pray'r;
Tho' much He merits it; since all agree,
Enough He's punish'd in his losing Thee.

1712.

G. SEWELL.

* The Amours of *Bosvil* and *Galefia*.

E X I L I U S;

O R

The Banish'd R O M A N:

A N E W

R O M A N C E.

B O O K I.

NIGHT having withdrawn her
fable Curtains, discover'd the
bright A U R O R A rising, whose
Beauty illustrated the whole Hemisphere,
and thereby excited *Clelia*, the fair Niece
of *Publius Scipio*, to her early Devoti-
ons, in a Grove near her Uncle *Scipio's*
House where stood a Chapel dedicated
to the Goddess of the Morning. After
which, she took a Walk in the Grove, for
the Pleasure of the cool Morning Air,
perfum'd with the natural Product of the
Earth; as also to hear the Musick of the
winged Choristers, whose wild Notes were
no less delightful than those well-compos'd
Airs, sung in Honour of the aforesaid
Goddess. Here she had not took many
VOL I. B Turns,

Turns, but, lifting up her Eyes, she saw a Youth in the Habit of a Page approaching her; who, coming near, cast his Arms about her Neck, saying, My dear *Clelia*, what Happiness have I to meet thee here! *Clelia*, both angry and astonish'd, gave him a Reprimand suitable to his Crime and her own Indignation; at which, the Youth pulling off some little Disguise, said, Dear Cousin, behold your affectionate Kinswoman *Scipiana*! At which, *Clelia*, quite transported with Joy, embrac'd her with all the Tenderneſs that Love and Exceſs of Satisfaction could produce; then ſeating themſelves, *Clelia* deſir'd *Scipiana* to inform her the Cauſe of her long Abſence, and how ſhe came thus metamorphos'd. To which *Scipiana* answer'd that her Adventures were ſo many, as would make the Hiſtory too long to recite at that Time; therefore begg'd *Clelia* rather to let her know what had attended her ſince their Separation at *Rome*, and what Turns of Fortune had brought her into the Country, a Place and Station of Life ſo little agreeable to her Inclinations, or, more properly ſpeaking, which was ſo much her Aversion. To which *Clelia* readily accorded; and concluding it too early to preſent *Scipiana* to her Father, thereby to diſturb his Morning Repoſe, they entertain'd themſelves in the following Relation.

T H E

THE
HISTOR Y
OF
CLELIA.

YOU know, Madam, said *Clelia*, that I always liv'd at *Rome*, under the Conduct of my wife and honourable Parents, the noble *Fabius* my Father, and the virtuous *Cornelia* my Mother, your illustrious Aunt, a Lady truly honourable in her Birth, Marriage, and all the Actions of her Life. Here I had the Happines to enjoy your Company sometimes, tho' not so often as my Love and Esteem made me desire; for this charming Solitude, in which you delighted, depriv'd me and the rest of your Friends of that Felicity. The last Time was at the Triumph of your Brother, the incomparable *Asiaticus*, after his *Asian* Conquest, which was the greatest Augmentation of the *Roman* Glory that ever Hero yet acquir'd: And as it gave a most sensible Joy to all honourable Minds, so, more especially to us the near Relations of the Conqueror. Nevertheless, this happy Time was the Beginning of my Misfortunes; for I being

with you, amongst the rest of the *Roman* Ladies, to make our Compliments to the Triumpher, according to the *Roman* Custom, I was surpriz'd at the graceful Mien of *Marcellus*, who regarded me with an Air so full of Respect and Gallantry, as if he dedicated to me all the Part he had in that Day's Solemnity. At least, I flatter'd myself with this Opinion; and I fear this is a Fault which Maids of all Ranks are too often guilty of; we take Compliments for Kindness, Kindness for Affection, Affection for Passion, and so on, 'till we too late find our Mistake, and know that Self-flattery, and a secret Belief of our own Merits, betray us more than those we call False Lovers.

Next Day after the Triumph, you may remember, Madam, that you and I went to render our Respects to *Asiaticus*, where resorted all the Ladies, as well as the great Commanders of the Army, paying him the Honours of a happy Conqueror and a glorious Triumpher. *Asiaticus*, according to his accustom'd Generosity, attributed all to their Courage; so making them partake of the Honours they offer'd him. To which *Marcellus* merrily answer'd, That they ought not to ascribe too much to their Swords in the Presence of Ladies, whose Eyes were capable of making greater Conquests than the Empire of *Asia*. To which I reply'd, That if we
were

The Banish'd ROMAN. 5

were all bright as *Jemella*, and our Enemies amorous as *Marcellus*, we might pretend to subdue the Universe; for their Marriage being no Way a Secret, I thought one might name her in Publick without Breach of Civility. To which *Marcellus* made several Returns, by Way of Rallery, saying, That *Jemella's* early Beauty was very bright; yet, when the Sun rises, we cease to adore the Morning Star, having a more illustrious Object for our Adorations. In this Kind of Prattle we entertain'd our selves, whilst *Asiaticus* was speaking much in Favour of a certain Stranger, who had done Things very extraordinary in that Expedition. 'Tis true, reply'd *Scipiana*, I remember my Brother spake much in Commendation of an unknown Person, in Terms so advantageous, as seem'd rather the Effect of his Generosity than the Stranger's Merit; for you know my Brother is endow'd with that excellent Quality in a peculiar Manner; but Time and divers Occasions have taught me that this Stranger's Worth needed not those Commendations which proceed from Generosity, bare Justice giving him the Character of a compleat Hero, as I shall hereafter inform you; but at present beg you to proceed in your Discourse.

Madam, (said *Clelia*,) it is not proper for me to describe to you any of the Grandeur

6 EXILIUS; or,

or Magnificence of *Rome* at that Time, your self being a Spectator, or rather, your Beauty and Merit making a principal Part of the Solemnity.

When the Time prescrib'd had put a Period to these glorious Diversions, and we were ready to attend your Ladyship, together with *Asiaticus*, to this your Father's Country-House, here to celebrate the Marriage between you and my Brother *Fabius*, according to the Agreement and Desire of our Relations on all Sides; you may please to remember how *Fabius*, being wounded in the Street, the Night before our intended Journey, was detain'd, and I with him, to attend his Recovery. We suppos'd that my Brother receiv'd this Wound from the Hand of that lewd Wretch *Clodius*, because he has never been seen at *Rome* since. True, (reply'd *Scipiana*,) it was *Clodius* did that unworthy Action; for he has avow'd as much to me since, which renders him so perfectly my Aversion, that I can hardly repeat his Name with common Patience, nor think on him but with a sensible Indignation. But I will not enlarge at present, thereby to deprive myself a Moment of that Discourse I have begg'd of my dear *Clelia*.

Whilst my Brother's Wound detain'd him (said *Clelia*) *Marcellus* made diverse Visits, partly out of Respect and Kind-

ness

ness to him, and partly to find an Opportunity to discover his Passion to me, which in a few Days happen'd. *Fabius* being asleep, I was retir'd into the Closet, where *Marcellus* entering, took the Opportunity to cast himself at my Feet, and make his Address to me with all the Tenderness that a Respect due to my Quality could permit, and the Suddenness of the Occasion dictate: which I receiv'd with a pretended Displeasure, as counting it an Affront to my Virtue, that he, being espous'd to another, should offer me his Love; to which he return'd, (with much Patience) that a Marriage made in Minority, and never consummated, was nothing in Effect, and such was that between him and *Femella*; which I knew very well without his Information: But the Consideration of the many Difficulties that would arise by Means of this Contract with *Femella*, made me oppose him, not only in this first Onset, but in divers other Attacks of that Kind. Nor was it only this Chaos of Confusion, which I knew must necessarily fall between these three noble Houses, but my virtuous generous Soul had an Aversion to any indirect Proceeding, and my own Heart told me in what what Manner *Femella* must resent such an Affront; yet these and many more reasonable Considerations cou'd not hinder some tender Thoughts

from taking Root in my Heart, which have since brought forth such Fruits of Folly, as I shall let you know in the Sequel. I will not repeat to you, Madam, the divers Conflicts of my Thoughts and the Agitation of my Mind on this Occasion; for my Interior labour'd as it were under a Fever and Ague, burning with an irresistible Inclination for *Marcellus*, and trembling with the Apprehension of so irregular an Affection, of which I saw no Possibility of Cure, but by the immediate Help of the Powers Divine; for which Cause I went to the High-Priest of *Jupiter*, my particular Friend; to him I open'd my Heart, and begg'd his holy Aid and Counsel; who advis'd me to make my Devotions in the Temple of *Jupiter*, where many had been favour'd with satisfactory Answers. This Counsel I put in Practice as soon as possible, and having perform'd my Sacrifice with all due Ceremony, the Oracle answer'd,

*The Gods will never disapprove
The sacred Bonds of mutual Love.*

Having receiv'd this Answer, and the Benediction of the High-Priest, I turn'd myself to go away, and thereupon discover'd the Face of a certain Person, who had lain before the Altar all the Time of the Service in great Devotion. This Person
notwith-

notwithstanding the Disguise he wore, I knew to be *Marcellus*, and he as soon knew me thro' the Veil with which I was cover'd, and accompanying me out of the Temple, he fail'd not to enforce the propitious Answer of the Gods, to justify his Pretensions, and obtain my Consent, which embellish'd by his Wit and Gallantry, put me so far to a Non-plus, I scarce knew what to reply; only I told him, that whatsoever the Gods might seem to consent to in their dubious Oracles, a young Lady ought to interpret their Meaning according to the Dictates of filial Obedience, and to have no other Will but that of her Parents. In this Answer I did, as it were, give my Consent; nor could I longer support my pretended Dislike of his Passion, after having been discover'd soliciting the Gods for that Purpose.

Marcellus having gain'd this Point, lost no Opportunity to ask me of my Father; for the same Day coming to visit my Brother, he found my Father by the Bed-side, who began to rally at the young Gallants of the Age, who are so cold in their Amours, and by that Means gave Opportunity to their Rivals to enterprize against them: Even you, *Marcellus* (continued he) will delay your Time, 'till some keen-bladed Rival lay you in your Bed, like *Fabius*. To which *Marcellus*

reply'd, with more Affection than Prudence, saying, My Lord, I want but your Consent to secure me from that Danger; for, had I that, I might hope the fair *Clelia* and I might be so far united as to prevent all designing Rivals. This unexpected Answer not only surpriz'd, but highly displeas'd my Father, in Consideration of *Jemella*, whom all the World look'd upon as Wife to *Marcellus*; so consequently deem'd himself affronted, and me dishonour'd in this Address; wherefore he charg'd *Marcellus* never to come near me, and forbid me all Correspondence with him; in which my Mother co-operating, I was a kind of Prisoner at large, under their diligent Observation. Moreover, to render the Proceeding thoroughly just and honourable, my Father advertised my Lord *Marcellus* Father to my Lover, and *Lucullus* Father to *Jemella*: For which Cause *Marcellus* confin'd his Son to his Apartment, consulting in the mean Time with *Lucullus* what Measures to take in this Affair. I at the same Time suffer'd much in the Reproaches made me by my Father, Mother, and Brother, for having forgot mine own Honour, and the Honour of my Family, in entertaining a secret Amour, and that too with one espoused to to another; which Reprimands I must needs own were no more than the Crime deserv'd,

deserv'd, and very suitable to those strict Rules of Virtue and Honour they always practis'd, and in which they instructed me their dear Disciple and darling Daughter. Now, tho' Reason oblig'd me to receive these Reproofs with Moderation and Respect, yet the Tenderness I had for *Marcellus* made me so far transgress my Duty, as to find out Opportunities to correspond with him by Letters, Presents, Messages, and the like; which was not hard to do, by Reason the Domesticks on both Sides were subservient to our Inclinations. This kind of secret Correspondence to me now appears so great a Fault in a young Lady, that I can never forgive myself, therefore wonder not if my Friends remain disoblig'd; for tho' the Intercourse be never so innocent, and the Design never so honourable, as was this between me and *Marcellus*, yet it carries with it such an Umbrage of Unworthiness, as extremely clouds and disfigures a Lady's Reputation, in the Opinion of all, even the most kind and generous Part of the World, but egregiously in the malicious and censorious Part of Mankind. However, this pass'd not long undiscover'd by our vigilant Parents; wherefore my Father, all on a sudden, took me in his Chariot, and brought me hither, not letting me know it was my Uncle's House, lest I should advertise *Marcellus*.

cellus of the Place of my Residence ; at the same Time giving out, that I was gone into *Egypt* to my Aunt *Fabiell*, who is there marry'd to a Prince of the Blood Royal of the *Ptolomy's*. After a few Days my Uncle came to me, and let me know that it was in his House in which I was detain'd. He encourag'd and promis'd me all Kindness, assuring himself I would act nothing contrary to Duty and Honour ; so, leading me out of the little Captivity of my Chamber, gave me the Command of his House and Family.

At this Time it was, that we heard the fatal News of your being lost, as also your Brother, the Noble *Asiaticus*, and that my Brother *Fabius* had left *Rome*, and was gone in Search after you ; of all which we never since heard any Tidings. My good Uncle, your father, was pleas'd to say, his Affliction was extremely mitigated by my being with him, which I count the Effect of his Goodness ; but I am sure his Wisdom, Patience, and Resignation under his Sufferings, have been such Lectures to me as I hope I never shall forget ; for as none ever experienc'd the Mutability of human Affairs more thoroughly than my Uncle, so none ever bore it with a greater Equanimity of Mind, in which he demonstrated himself a true noble *Roman*, well deserving the worthy Character he had acquir'd, whose

whose Virtue is built on such strong Bases, as the Shocks of Fortune cannot move, much less overthrow: Nevertheless, he is a Mortal, not a Deity, and human Nature would oftentimes exert its Right in many Tears and Lamentations for your Loss, and the Loss of the illustrious *Asiaticus*.

Whilst I join'd my Grievs here with my Uncle, *Marcellus* remain'd still at *Rome*, detain'd in his Father's House. Now hearing of my being gone into *Egypt*, he began to be out of Patience at his Confinement, it putting him out of all Possibility of following me; and finding no Means to accomplish his Enlargement but by addressing himself to the Senate, he was forc'd to put even that in Execution, tho' otherwise very unwilling to make publick the private Animosities between him and his Father. Whilst this was in Debate in the Senate, the Rabble of *Rome*, who readily entertain any Pretext for Mutiny, assembled themselves about the Capitol, demanding Justice, declaring that they would not suffer a young Nobleman, who had serv'd so bravely in the War, to be oppress'd, or constrain'd by the Caprice of a covetous Father, and such kind of Insolence, suitable to a Mob, the most ungovernable Part of the Creation, who have no Law but their Will, and their Will prompted by their irregular Appetites, or Fancies;
yet

notwithstanding his Disguise; for, the very first Glance of his Eyes discover'd him to be the whole *Marcellus*, the brave the amorous *Marcellus*; and I, no doubt, as soon discover'd my self to be the tender overjoy'd *Clelia*. I cannot but take Notice, how, by divine Providence, we now met a second Time in Devotion, and our Hearts discover'd their tender Sentiments twice unawares before the Altar of the Gods; which I apply'd according to the Dictates of Inclination, and so believed it to be a Mark that the Gods were favourable to and approv'd of this our Amour, and in the End would bless it with Success.

I soon gave him Opportunity to speak to me, in which he most instantly begg'd me to conceal his being there, 'till by the Intercession of his Friends he had treated with the Senate and *Femella's* Parents about the Breach of that Contract made in their Minority, which would be better accomplish'd in his Absence, all the World believing him gone into *Egypt*. I confiding in his Truth and Sincerity, promis'd him all Secrecy; he in the mean time pretending to my Uncle's Servants, and those Country People with whom Necessity oblig'd him to converse, that he was a young Officer of the Army, that left the World out of Devotion, and there try'd to accustom himself to a solitary Life, in Contemplation

templation of the Celestial Beings, which indeed was partly true; for he furnish'd himself with many devout Books, in which, no Doubt, he meditated; and for his Recreation he had his Musick, of which you know he is a great Master. I saw him as often as I could in the little Chapel, and sometimes in the Walks, where he found Opportunities to give me Letters, containing large Accounts of his Passion, to which I made him some Answers in Writing; for we could not correspond verbally, or at least but very little without Suspicion. Thus, my dear *Scipiana*, I gave under my own Hand the Certificates of my Folly, and sign'd the Testimonials of my Indiscretion; for sure there is not a greater Imprudence, than for a young Lady to write to her Lover: I am now sensible it never ought to be done, no, not even on the Account of Denials or Reprimands, much less to give any Assurance of Kindness; for many Lovers aim no farther than to obtain these Marks of Conquest, that among their Companions, they may triumph in shewing these Trophies of their Victory, at least, the following Part of *Marcellus's* Actions seem to evince this Assertion.

A certain Widow Lady, nam'd *Libidinia*, living near this Place, my intimate Friend, and the Confident of my Love, gave me divers little discreet Hints of his Inconstancy,

stancy, which I must have understood perfectly if my Reason had not been rock'd asleep with a full Perswasion of his Virtue. She often remonstrated to me the Falshood of the Sex, the Satisfaction they took in betraying ours; that the Vanity of boasting their Conquest was more pleasing to 'em than the Conquest itself, nay often the chief Motive of their pretended Passion; that a young Lady cou'd never be too frugal of her Favours towards 'em, forasmuch as that they interpret every Look and Word in Favour of themselves, and the smallest Complacency as a Mark of the greatest Kindness; that even the most virtuous of them think it no Crime to falsify their Vows to us, but rather deem it a commendable Piece of Gallantry; with many other Instructions of this Kind, which I took as Testimonies of her Friendship and Discretion, but thought not in the least that it belong'd to me and *Marcellus* 'till I found him begin to grow remiss, and several Days pass'd that I neither met him in these Walks nor in *Aurora's* Chapel nor received any manner of Address or Message from him; then, Indeed, I began to fear I was like to be a Precedent in these Lectures. I must confess, (said *Scipiana* interrupting her) I have much Difficulty to believe *Marcellus* false, it being incompatible with his noble Nature, and the Rule

Rules of human Society, after having so openly avow'd his Passion to you, in Prejudice of the noble *Lucullus* and his fair Daughter *Femella*, for him to act an Infidelity, or even an Indifferency, would render him not only unworthy of his Name and Family, but the worst of Miscreants, not deserving human Society; wherefore I beg you to suspend your Anger, and be pleas'd to finish your Story.

Libidinia (said *Clelia*) perceiving me uneasy under this negligent Treatment, went secretly to visit him at his House, thereby to inform herself, if possible, of the Cause of this sudden Change. At her Return she told me he was sick, which Information afflicted me extremely, as was manifest by my Tears; for Sickness is always a State to be pity'd, but was now deplorable, in Consideration of what he might suffer for want of Assistance and Attendance, which was difficult to be had in that unhappy Solitude, into which, for my Sake he had cast himself. This made me redouble my Sighs and Tears with many sorrowful Complaints, in all which, *Libidinia*, as a compassionate Friend, bore a Part; and taking out her Handkerchief to dry her Eyes, there fell out of her Pocket a little Picture, which I knew to be my Portraiture, that I had given him in Testimony of my Affection, and Belief of his Fidelity. The Sight

Sight of this did very much surprize me, not knowing how to interpret the Meaning. *Libidinia*, after a considerable Pause, said, my dear *Clelia*, I can no longer disguise the Truth, *Marcellus* is more dis-temper'd in Mind than Person, for he has made me a thousand Protections of the most tender Passion in the World; which indeed did not very much surprize me, by reason of the many little Hints and Advances he had divers Times directed to me, which occasion'd me so frequently to advise you by way of Precaution; but now, having an Opportunity, he discharg'd his false Heart to me in as false Words, leaving nothing unsaid that might assert a real Passion; and when I endeavour'd to make him sensible of his Crime, by shewing him your Picture, which was pinn'd up just by him, and withal repeated to him your innumerable Virtues, and particular Goodness towards him, in having, for his Sake, risk'd the Love of your Parents, the Esteem of all serious and judicious People, and dedicated to his Love only, that Youth and Beauty, which ought to be the Object of many Adorers. The ungrateful Wretch, (continu'd she) with many opposite Replies, gave me the Picture, telling me, he found nothing charming in it nor in its Original, since his Eyes were bless'd with the Beauties

Beauties of *Libidinia*. This Infidelity, said *Libidinia*, whether real or feigned, is alike unpardonable; for, whether he abus'd my Friend in an absolute Act of Perfidy, or me in a feign'd Gallantry, I count our selves both equally and doubly affronted; for I deem whatsoever is done to my Friend as done to my self, and I doubt not but my *Clelia* has the same Sentiment on my Behalf; and it was the Consideration of this unworthy Behaviour to us both that caus'd my Sighs and Tears, more than his Indisposition, tho' I endeavour'd for your Sake to disguise the Truth for the present, 'till my Industry could work your Heart into some Kind of Indifferency towards him. But Fortune has extorted the Secret from me sooner than I intended; wherefore, Madam, I can only recommend to you to join with me in a just Resentment of his Unworthiness; banish, detest, and abhor him, as the worst of Criminals.

The Knowledge of this his Falshood, (continu'd *Clelia*) enrag'd me to the last Degree; and now, too late, I was sensible of my Folly, in contracting an Amour, and carrying on a Correspondence of that Consequence, against the Consent of my wise and honourable Parents. Now I perceiv'd to my Sorrow, how Passion had clos'd the Eyes of my Understanding, and rock'd my Reason into a Lethargy, otherwise I should have

22 E X I L I U S ; or,

have foreseen his Falshood in the Person of the abandon'd *Jemella*. But the just Gods were pleas'd that I should thus find my Crime in my Punishment, and so far aveng'd the Cause of that wrong'd Lady, as to make her Disgrace light on my Head; and that Willow Wreath I vainly thought her Due, was now become a Crown for my forsaken Temples. My Heart, which had often treated its amorous Thoughts at her Cost, now languish'd in Despair, and became a Prey to all the gnawing Regrets that attend a slighted Maid. I who had neglected the Documents of my Parents, now became neglected by him, for whose Sake I had thus overlook'd my Duty. I who had, by my disobedient and unwary Conduct, in some Degree tarnish'd the Glory of my illustrious Family, was now liable to have my Virtue, Youth, and Innocence, obscured and sully'd with whatsoever false Shadows the malicious World shou'd think fit to draw on this Occasion. In fine, every Thing appear'd to me with an hideous Face, and was the more terrible, by Reason that myself was the only Cause of this Deformity of Affairs; for 'tis certain, no Reproach is like Self-Reproach, nor any Misfortune so hard to undergo as what we draw upon ourselves. Then judge, Madam, in what Anxiety of Thoughts my poor Heart labour'd. But
after

after the first Efforts of my Anger were past, I begg'd *Libidinia* to agitate in this Matter as she thought fit, only in gross I desir'd her to restore him a certain Nosegay of Jewels, which he had presented me, and charge him never to see me more.

In this State, dear Cousin, are my Affairs at present, being under great Difficulties what to do; for I am ashamed to discover to my Uncle his being here in Disguise, and unwilling to let him remain so any longer, after such Treatment. I shall trust to your Wisdom and Goodness, to deliver me out of this Dilemma; but at present, if you please, we will go in, for, no doubt, by this Time my Uncle is stirring, whose Happiness in the Sight of you, ought not to be deferr'd.



BOOK II.

MARCELLUS being pretty well recover'd of his Illness, walk'd out to take the Air; but not daring to approach those Walks which *Clelia* frequent-ed (by Means of her late Prohibition,) he took the Way of the great Forest, which extends its Confines to the Sea-Coast, and being debilitated by his Sickness, betook himself to a Seat, where he heard the Voices of some distress'd Persons, complaining one to another of their past and present Misfortunes. *Marcellus*, according to his natural Goodness, address'd his Steps towards the Place, and there found two Men and a Woman, set upon a mossy Bank, under a Cluster of Bushes, which they design'd that Night for their Lodging. *Marcellus*, with great Courtesy, invited them to his House, which Favour they gladly accepted, and being come thither, he desir'd them, if it might consist with their Conveniency, to inform him what hard Fortune had reduc'd them to these Necessities, from which, by their Mein, they ought to have a perfect Immunity.

nity. To this the Strangers readily accorded, and whilst Supper and Beds were preparing, began as follows.

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
CLARINTHIA.

MY Name, said she, is *Clarinthia*, Daughter to *Turpius*, and the sole lawful Heiress of all his great Riches: But the Irregularity of his Life makes me almost ashamed to own him for my Father; his large Possessions not being able to cover, nor the Weight of his Riches to poize, the Infamy of his Actions, which filial Respect and Prudence would oblige me to conceal, were they not too much known to all the World already. Besides, when such Benefactors as you all are, call for a Recital, it is Heaven that speaks, and commands a true and undisguis'd Relation.

In my Childhood I was very intimate with *Scipiana*, Daughter to *Publius Scipio*, as also her elder Brother *Scipio*, who since, by his great Actions in the Conquest of *Asia*, has obtain'd the Name of *Asiaticus*,

as I have heard, for I have not seen him since he was dignify'd with that Title, and therefore in my my Discourse know him by no other Name than that of *Scipio*, who, tho' young as he was, appear'd sensible of that Passion which at one Time or other charms all Hearts; these his tender Sentiments he express'd to me in little innocent Efforts, suitable to his Years and my Simplicity. Being ready to go for *Athens*, to compleat his Studies, he endeavour'd to make me promise him not to accept of the Addresses of any Lover during his Absence, to which I answer'd according to the Dictates of my childish Innocence, which Merits not your Attention.

A little after his Departure, his noble Mother dy'd, his little Brother *Scipio* was lost, and *Catullus*, the particular and intimate Friend of his Father, was banish'd; all which happening in a little Space of Time, made *Publius Scipio* leave *Rome*, and in extreme Grief retire to his Country-House, taking with him *Scipiana*, his Daughter, resolving for ever to absent himself from that fatal Place, that Theatre of Horror, on which had been acted these his great Misfortunes.

After the Departure of *Scipiana*, my dear Play-fellow, I took very little Pleasure or Satisfaction in any Company or Diversions that *Rome* could present, only apply'd my

self to my Devoirs, according to the Will of my vertuous Mother: But the Gods left me not long in this happy State; for it was but little after, that the Death of this vertuous and honourable Parent put a period to my Felicity; for then my Father resolv'd to marry me to his Bastard Son *Valerius*, which was such a Piece of Incest, that I could not shew the least Complacency, much less Obedience to the Proposal. My Father not believing this Refusal to arise from any Principle of Virtue, but rather from some Pre-engagement of my Thoughts to some other of our young *Romans*, remov'd himself and me into the Country, where he thought he should not fail to discover, and consequently to disappoint any such conceal'd Intrigue. But I too well knew my Duty to him and Heaven, as also what I ow'd to mine own Honour, to entertain any Correspondence of that Kind, though never so innocent and honourably meant; for the very Being and essential Part of an honourable Amour is perverted, and becomes unworthy, if not criminal, when entertain'd by a young Lady without the Consent of her Parents. These were my Maxims, to which I resolv'd to adhere, and of which I gave my Father all the Assurance possible; withal begging him, that as I had taken the Rule of Virtue to guide both my Actions and

Inclinations, he would not interrupt my Progress therein by any opposite Command. But all was to no purpose, I was perpetually persecuted with the Courtship of *Valerius*, and the Perswasions of my Father.

Now it was that *Asbella*, Mother to *Valerius*, (a Lady really of Quality and Fortune) retir'd herself to her Estate in *Sicily*, pretending to spend the rest of her Days in the Practice of Virtue; but the World believ'd rather it was the Effect of her Discontent, because my Father did not marry her when at Liberty by the Death of my Mother; thereby to repair, in some Degree, her ruin'd Honour. What was the Subject of her Retreat, I had not the Curiosity to examine, but willingly accorded my Belief to that Key to which she turned her own Discourse, and so concluded Virtue to be the principal End of her Retirement.

In the mean Time, my Father finding his Perswasions and *Valerius's* Courtship fruitless, began to treat me with Importunities and Menaces, and at last grew angry to that Degree, that he vow'd I should never see the Sun more, 'till I made my Will comply with his, in marrying *Valerius*; treating me with much Rigour, or rather Tyranny, still believing, I suppose, that I must have some secret Passion elsewhere.

Valerius

Valerius being gone to *Rome* about some Business for my Father, I was in Hopes his Absence would have afforded me some little Respite, at least from the Fatigue of amorous Pursuits; but behold a new, and I think unheard of, Calamity besel me! for contrary to all Morality, and the laws of Heaven, my wretched Father became enamour'd of me, and express'd his Flame with as much Assurance as it it had been no Way criminal; and when I urg'd the Illegality of this heinous Passion, and that it would cause the Vengeance of the Gods to descend on him, and render him at once miserable and infamous; He made Answer, That the Notion of Deities was a Chimera infused into my Fancy by my Mother, and a customary Education; and that all the World were misled into such Opinions by Priests and Potentates, whose Interest it was to ingage their Inferiors into a Belief of some invisible Powers, thereby to keep them in Subjection. If there be no Gods, reply'd I, how came we and all the World made at first? Sure we did not make our selves! for if we had, methinks we might have preserved the Knowledge of this Creative Power in all Ages, and then we might have made our selves a Kingdom or a World when we pleased, and this would save our *Romans* much Pains and Toil, which they continually are at

in their Conquests. But besides this Creative Power, methinks the Preservative no less evinces the Belief of some Omnipotent Beings; for how comes it to pass, that the Sun, Moon, and Stars, do not fall upon us? Besides, this perfect Order and Harmony of all Things both Celestial and Terrestrial, as also our own little Microcosme and interior Cogitations, assert this great Truth, in which our rational Faculty must needs acquiesce. But, (said my Father,) admit all this your little Prattle true, is not Mercy one of the chief Attributes of these your Divinities? Then why do you not imitate them, and have Pity on your unhappy Father, or rather wretched Lover, who dies for you? With these and the like Discourses, together with all the fond Actions and Grimaces of a passionate Lover, he continually entertained me, that I heartily wish'd for *Valerius* again, whose Love (incestuous as it was) was yet much more supportable than this other. Moreover, I concluded his Love and Courage would secure my Honour from any Attempts of my Father's Brutality, of which I was dreadfully afraid, knowing him to be a Man that would stick at nothing to satisfy his Sensuality.

The Return of *Valerius* proved sooner than was expected, which, tho' it gave me some little Consolation, yet Sighs and
Tears

Tears were my continual Entertainment. Being one Day set in my Chamber in a very melancholy Posture, there rush'd into the Room three disguis'd Men, by a secret Door behind the Hangings, who, without speaking a Word, took me away, in spite of all the Cries and Resistance of me and my Women. They carried me down many Steps, and thro' divers Turnings under Ground; at last ascending, I found myself without the Castle, where Horses waited, on one of which I was set, and convey'd with Speed for the Space of an Hour or more, till we came to a certain great Forest. Here it was that the Chief of these rapacious Wretches essay'd to violate my Honour; but the just Gods, propitious to mine Innocence, by Means of my Cries, brought a Person of Virtue and Courage to my Rescue, which he accomplish'd by the Death of the Ravisher; the other two, who were at a Distance, perceiving what happened, came running to assist their Master, where one of them immediately met his Fate, and was sent by the Stranger's Sword to serve his Master in the other World, which his Companion seeing, he made his Escape with all Expedition. The Stranger taking off the Vizards that disguis'd the Miscreants, in order to give Air, if any Life yet remain'd; whose Faces I no sooner saw, but I knew 'em to

be my wretched Father, and one of his Servants. O ye Gods! what Surprize and Confusion then seiz'd me! which I express'd in bitter Cries and Lamentations; in the mean Time, the unknown Person did all he could to restore him to Life, but he expir'd with these Words, *Forgive me, Clarinthia*. The Stranger courteously ask'd me wherein he could be farther serviceable? to whom I answer'd, that I was a Wretch incapable to receive Service or Succour; a Monster unfit for human Conversation; therefore desir'd him to leave me to wander in these Woods, among the Wolves, and other Savage Beasts, as the most fit Cohabitants for such a wretched Creature as I was made by my Misfortunes: But he endeavour'd, by discreet Arguments, to soften this my Fury, and perswaded me to mount behind him, to seek some Place of Retreat. I had much Difficulty to consent to this Proposal, not only in Consideration of his being an absolute Stranger, but his Hands still wreacking with my Father's Blood; for, wicked as he was, he was still my Father; but Night coming on, together with the Wildness of the Place, oblig'd me to accept of his Offer; so he covering the Body of my Father with his upper Garment, we mounted on Horseback, and follow'd a little Foot-Path, which we hop'd would have brought us out of the Forest;

Forest; but it only led us to the Abode of a certain holy Hermit, situated in a thick and obscure Part of the Wood, which the Approach of Night, and the Horrors I carry'd with me, made appear dreadful; but the kind Reception we found a little mitigated my first Apprehensions. And if I had been capable of reflecting on any Thing that had the Face of Content, I might here have found a happy Employment for my Thoughts, in beholding the tranquil State of this good Man, and all such who thus betake themselves to a holy Retreat; where they are free from those false Alarms of the World, which beguile us with foolish Hopes, or as foolish Fears; for to these Votaries the Smiles and Frowns of Fortune are equal; for they court not the one, nor apprehend the other. They dance not the Measures play'd by Ambition's Pipe, nor wander after the *Ignis-fatuus* of Vain-glory. Their Poverty secures them from Envy, and its being voluntary, places them above the Reach of Contempt; in renouncing the World they are Masters of it, and by subduing their Passions, they become distinguish'd and admir'd by the rest of Mankind, to whom their Words are Lectures, and their Actions Sermons. They find Plenty in the Contempt of Riches, and great Honour in virtuous Actions. Their Contemplations are to them

all Company, and their devout Exercises great Diversion. Their Food is savoury, and their Sleep sound; the one is not disturbed with Cares, nor the other made unpalatable by Intemperance. Their abstemious Way of living preserves their Health, to which is ordinarily annexed long Life, and they fear not Death whose Lives have been so perfect. In fine, they are in fact what *Socrates* and his Adherents pretend to teach by long Study, and elaborate Speculation. The Consideration of all which, made us without Difficulty commit to this holy Anchorite the whole of what had befallen us, and prevail'd with him to go see if he could find the Body of my Father; but his Pains prov'd ineffectual: for at his Return he told us that he had found the tragick Place of that Encounter, but the Body was gone, which was an Augmentation to our Disquiet. The Stranger having received a Wound in the Combat, was over-perswaded by us to accept of the *Hermit's* Bed, where having taken some Refreshment by the good Man's Charity, I entreated him to compose himself to Rest, in Consideration of the Wound: To which he replied, That he must never more pretend to Rest nor Repose, since he had been so unfortunate to render me fatherless, and consequently the Object of my Anger, if not Aversion, which

which depriv'd him of all Hopes of Happiness; therefore Death was what he courted; Despair, having rendered it both his Interest and Inclination. He was about to have proceeded in this kind of Discourse, but that I interrupted him under Pretence of leaving him to his Repose; for I perceiv'd to what his Words tended, and was loth to hear him profess himself my Lover, who had just depriv'd me of my Father. The Obligation I had to him in preserving my Honour, at the Hazard of his Life, was too great to use him ill, and the unhappy Circumstances which accompanied this Obligation were such that I could not use him well. These Considerations made me take Leave of him; and as I turned to go out, I found a Picture fallen out of his Pocket, which I intended to restore to him next Morning; but instead of the Beauties of some fair Lady, which I expected, it prov'd to be his own Portraiture, which I have ever since preserv'd with great Veneration.

Imagine, Gentlemen, in what Anxiety of Mind I pass'd this Night, in Consideration how the Senate, and all the World, would construe my being as it were in the Hands of a Stranger, and one who had so lately kill'd my Father. O *Clarintbia!* *Clarintbia!* said I to my self, what difficult Paths has Fortune mark'd out for thy Ver-

tue to trace? How can I ever declare to the Senate what detestable Crime caused my Father's Death? Or if I do, perhaps I shall not be believ'd: If I do not, I expose my self, and this noble Stranger, to the Fury of the Laws, and his Honour to everlasting Infamy. I am in a Labyrinth so intricate, that even the Line of Reason is not able to conduct me through its wild Mazes. On every Hand I see nothing but Danger and Distress, such as confound my Resolution, and non-plus my Courage. On this Side a rapid Stream of persecuting Laws, on that, a Precipice of perpetual Shame; one to engulf, the other to dash my Honour in a thousand Pieces. Ah, *Clarinthia*! Unfortunate Maid! To what serves thy Riches and Noble Birth, (the two most excellent Ingredients towards a happy Life) but to augment thy Misfortunes, by rendering thee the more conspicuous Object of Contempt? Nay, even Virtue it self, that constant Companion of my Life, conspires against me, and betrays my Youth to these Dilemma's: I say, even Virtue and Innocence (which enrich the Poor, comfort the Disconsolate, and lessen the Terrors of Death) are my Persecutors; for it is thro' their Means that I am reduc'd to these Exigencies; that whether the Senate condemn or acquit me, give me Life or Death, Imprisonment or Liberty,

all

all is Shame, Horror, and Infamy. Nor was my Concern less in Behalf of the Stranger, which I then thought was out of a Principle of Gratitude or Generosity; but I have found since, that it was Love which subtly enter'd my Soul in that Disguise. In these Disquiets and a thousand others, I wore away the Night, my Eyes without Sleep, and my Heart without Repose. Early in the Morning I went into the Wood a few Steps, thinking to find certain Herbs to apply to the Stranger's Wound. Here I met three or four armed Men, who immediately took me away, and carry'd me with great Speed through the Forest. Long it was not, e'er I knew them to be *Valerius* and his Servants, who reproached me with much Bitterness, as being a Shame to my Sex, and a Dishonour to my noble Race for running away, and abiding in secret with a Stranger; and not only so, but impious beyond parallel, in causing my Father's Death rather than return to him and my Obedience, when he endeavour'd to take me out of the Hands of this my wicked Co-partner. By all this Discourse, I found *Valerius* was misinform'd, and had a wrong Notion of what had pass'd. This gave me Occasion to reflect how subject we are to be deceiv'd by Appearances, and what great Precaution we ought to use before we believe, censure, or condemn Things, by
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the exterior or first Sight; whereas the other Side of the Curtain often shews a quite different Scene. I am sure this Transaction shall ever be a Warning to me, how I condemn any Body's Actions with Precipitation; for, to speak impartially, this Passage had so much the Face of what they represented it to be, that I wonder not that *Valerius* was wholly possess'd with a Belief that this Stranger was the Person my Father had long suspected to have Possession of my tenderest Thoughts, and oblig'd me to oppose his Commands touching the Marriage of *Valerius*; and that now being fled away with him, chose rather to see my Father die by his Hands, than to return to his Jurisdiction, and my filial Obedience. In vain I strove to disabuse him, he being so wholly pre-possess'd, that all I could say seem'd to come from a Mouth false and bias'd by Crimes, or at least unworthy Intrigues. He told me, if he had not had a Passion for me, that carry'd him beyond the usual Pitch of Lovers, so as to make him sacrifice all Interest to his Affection, he would not have hazarded his Honour, by thus engaging himself in my Protection, but have left me to the Rigour of the Laws, and in the mean Time have secur'd himself of my Estate, by the Interest he could have made in the Senate. But the perfect Love I have for your Person, (continued

tinu'd he) which belongs to me by Right of your Father's Donation, makes me overlook all Advantage on my own Part, and regard only your Security, which I shall provide for with my Mother in her Castle in *Sicily*. This was a hard Stroke of Fortune; to be oblig'd to, and under the Dominion of, that Woman, whose leud Life with my Father had made me to detest, and withal to be in the Power of *Valerius*, whose Love I dreaded more than the Danger of the Laws, or the Anger of the Senate.

Thus I was convey'd to the Sea-Coast, where we immediately embark'd, and in few Hours arriv'd in *Sicily*, at the aforesaid Castle, where I was confin'd to an Apartment very richly furnish'd, and pleasantly situated, yet still it was a Prison, and that Thought render'd all Things disagreeable. They pretended to me, this Restraint proceeded from Kindness, that none of the Family might discover me, but that I might remain conceal'd 'till Time and Industry could accommodate my Affairs with the Senate; all which had the Appearance of Friendship; but whether it was a real Face, or only a Mask, I could not tell. Here I remain'd without the Sight of any Body, but *Valerius*, *Asbella* his Mother, and *Cordiala*, who was a young Maid that waited on *Asbella*. Pardon me, Gentlemen, if I enlarge a little on this young Creature's Character;

Character; for she is one of the most accomplished Pieces of Nature's Handiwork, not only in her outward Form, but her Mind is so replenish'd with Virtue and Wisdom, as shews the exterior to be only the well-made Case of a precious Jewel. Her Looks and Words were equally engaging, close-knit Sense in fine-turned Language, which pleas'd not only the outward Senses, but the most inward Part of the Mind; and made the Understanding dance to the Musick of such a charming Concert, that her Conversation often supplanted my Grievs, and made them give Way to some Sort of Satisfaction; especially when she represented the great Honour that attended patience suffering for the Sake of Virtue. She was so eloquent on that Subject, as made me sometimes almost in Love with Misfortunes, and find a secret Satisfaction in being cast into such a Field of Disasters, where so plentiful an Harvest of Glory was to be reaped, by humble and patient Submission to the Will of Heaven. These Morals coming from a Mouth so very young, and so properly adapted to my Circumstances, made me ready to perswade myself, that the Gods had sent my Good Genius in that Figure, to beguile my Sufferings, and support my Virtue. Nor was the low State in which the Gods had placed this excellent Creature, less instructive; for it excited me

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in this my Solitude, to admire the inscrutable Providence of the Powers Divine, who distribute their Benefits diversly; to some the Gifts of Nature, to others those of Fortune; to this Body Riches, to that Honours; here Wisdom, and there Virtue; by which Means Human Kind becomes united, that every one having some Quality esteemable, recommends him to the Assistance of others; for none being perfect, none can remain independent; but the mutual necessities we have of each other's Assistance, causes reciprocal Obligations, which ties fast the Knot of human Society. But alas! how came I to launch into this Ocean of Reflections, distant from the Coast of my Relation, for which I beg your Pardon.

I cannot but own (continued *Clarinthia*) they treated me with as much Civility and Respect as I could hope for, in these my hard Circumstances; only *Valerius* continually persecuted me with his Courtship and Presents; all which I refus'd with equal Aversion, as being inconsistent with Virtue, by Reason of our Consanguinity otherwise his Addresses were honourable, and his Person agreeable. Nor wanted he Reasons to alledge, nor Examples to produce, that might justify the Legality of his Pretensions; as indeed, there are but too many Examples of that Kind amongst the Gods and Heroes. Even the present King
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and Queen of *Egypt* live in that State which our Laws call Incest. How the Men of the Robe disguise, alter, and transform, what they say is the Law of the Gods, I know not; but we often find they make Vice and Virtue to differ according to Time, Place, and Person; and make that a Crime in one Person, which is none in another; and *that* a Virtue in one Place, which is a Vice in another. These serve to distract the Ignorant, amuse the Curious and Speculative, and is an inexhaustible Source of everlasting Disputes. Wherefore I avoided these Casuistical By-ways, and kept to the open common Road of Virtue, taught me by my Mother, which oblig'd me to oppose the Love of *Valerius* as incestuous, and contrary to the present known Laws of our Country. But *Valerius* gave another Interpretation to this my Reluctance, and believed my Aversion proceeded from a pre-existing Passion for that Stranger I had left at the Hermitage; and once, upon occasion of some earnest Words which pass'd between us, he indiscreetly let fall some dubious Sayings, as if he thought the Stranger had possess'd my Person as well as my Affections. This gave me so great a Shock, and so irritated my Anger and Indignation against him, that after severe Words on that Subject, I begg'd him, for the Love he pretended to me as his Mistress

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for the Friendship he ought to have for me as his Sister, for the Respect he ow'd me as the Daughter of *Turpius*, that he would leave me, and never see me more. This I utter'd with much Passion and Vehemency, together with so many Tears, that *Valerius* could not refrain from weeping also, and without saying much, left me to my Chagrine. After this, *Valerius* fell into a Melancholy, which impair'd his Health, for which I was truly sorry, but knew no Remedy. The fraternal Love I bore him, made the Diminution of his Health an Augmentation to my Misfortunes; and the Weight of my Sufferings were made heavier by the Part I took in his. In fine, I was absorp'd in Sorrow, and loaden with Afflictions, without Prospect of Alleviation, except what I receiv'd from the poor *Cordiala*, whose discreet Words often calm'd my Passion; they were as Balm to a Mind inflam'd with Sorrow, and when those salutary Remedies fail'd, she try'd to charm me with the Musick of her Voice or Instrument, for in both these she was perfect, even to Admiration. Divers Times *Valerius* let me know by her the Greatness of his Grievs, in being depriv'd of my Presence, alledging, that as this Deprivation lost him the Heaven of his Happiness, so the Regret he had for having been himself the Cause, was to him a Hell of Misery.

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He testify'd a real Sorrow for those his rash Words, and sued for Pardon with unfeigned Submission; all which serv'd but to encrease my Burthen, already too weighty for my weak Constitution; it being inconsistent with Virtue to make him happy, yet fraternal Love made me a Sharer in his Misfortunes. But beside these Considerations, I must own (with Blushes) that my tender Thoughts were too far engag'd with the noble Stranger, the generous Defender of my Honour, to think of any other Object of Affection; not but that I endeavour'd to stifle and suppress these foolish Fancies, as Rebels to my Reason, and Enemies to my Repose. I placed him in the Tribunal of my Judgment, as the Author of my Father's Death, which render'd him unfit ever to be my Husband, almost to an impossibility, if his Quality, Inclinations, and all other Circumstances were correspondent, of which I was wholly ignorant, except those few dubious Words of Gallantry at the Hermit's Cell, which ought to pass in Oblivion, as common Words of course; and wou'd have done so with me, if fantastick Folly had not kept them alive in my Memory. I was in perpetual Fear of his being taken and prosecuted by the Agents of *Valerius*, as my Father's Murtherer, and my Ravisher. Thus was my Person confin'd, but my Griefs

Griefs enlarg'd ; I had lost my Father, and was believ'd to be his Murtherer ; I had follow'd Virtue on all Occasions, and was suppos'd to be a great Criminal ; I was born an Heiress of a noble Family, and inherited nothing but a Prison. In these, and the like sorrowful Reflections, I pass'd my Days without Repose, and my Nights without Slumbers. Being one Night in these doleful Thoughts, I saw, by the Light of the Moon, a Person enter my Chamber, at whose Approach I knew to be *Cordiala*, who, after having apologized for coming at an Hour so unexpected, she told me the Occasion ; which was to inform me of what had been projected against mine Innocence and Quiet, and was to be executed that coming Day. She had overheard her Lady and *Valerius* discoursing that Evening about me ; *Asbella* blam'd her Son for suffering any Disquiet in his Mind for a Person he had in his Power. Your Softness (said she) makes me almost asham'd to own you for my Son ; rouze up your Resolution, and act as becomes your Sex and Quality, and not languish under the Effects of I know not what Fears and Fancies of a rigorous Beauty. Shake off, I say, this unpardonable Cowardice, and be a happy Conqueror over this your fair Enemy. But *Valerius* seem'd to abominate any Thing of Force, and told his Mother, he was no less

a Votary to my Virtue than my Beauty, both to him were sacred. I perceive, (said *Asbella*,) that Love is not only blind, but void of all Manner of Sense, otherwise, you could not speak of her as a Person of Virtue, who is a Criminal of so deep a Dye. One, not only disobedient to her Father, but his Murtherer; an ungrateful Sorceress, who bewitches you with her Beauty, and then abandons you to Despair by her Scorn and Ingratitude. She neither considers you as her Brother, Lover, nor Benefactor; the latter of which you have sufficiently prov'd your self to be, in undertaking her Protection, when her Crimes had reduced her to a perfect Exigence; but she, transported with an irregular Affection, is not capable to consider her own Interest, which is bound up in your Kindness, and Constancy. Now, since Passion has so far the Regency of her Intellect, that she is incapable of judging what is good for her, you must be so much her Friend, as to make her happy against her Will, for there is no Medium for her, between becoming your Wife, and falling into Shame, Punishment, and Misery of all Kinds; therefore, out of Compassion to her, (the Thing you so much dote upon) you must espouse her, without considering whether she be willing or unwilling, pleas'd or displeas'd; for your Life and her Honour both depend upon this

this Enterprize. Fear not, for I will find a Priest shall be subservient to my Request; therefore resolve to make to-morrow a happy Day to your self and this your cruel Fair, by espousing her lawfully, according as her Father design'd. *Valerius*, though a little Opposite at first, yet, upon his Mother's pressing, and repeating how far my Happiness was the Object, if not the whole End of the Undertaking, he at last consented, and this my forced Marriage was resolv'd on that coming Day. Thus was *Valerius* perswaded to this real Wickedness, under the Pretext of an imaginary Good: and thus, indeed, it fares too often with the most Part of Mankind; for when Interest and Inclination stand Candidates for Preference, we then trick with Virtue, and put the Cheat upon Honour; we impose upon our Understandings, and force our Judgments; nay more, we depose even Reason itself, and give Passions the Regency; and when our Minds are thus untun'd, our Actions soon join in the same Discord; we post-pone the Laws of the Gods, and make those of our Country ineffectual, of all which *Valerius* now became an Example; for he was not wicked in his Nature, but misled by the *Ignis-fatuus* of his Passion and Interest. But to return, *Cordiala* having inform'd me of this their Design, I thank'd, and hasten'd her away to prevent

vent Suspicion. She being gone, I arose, and walk'd about my Chamber quite distracted with the Apprehension of what was to succeed; sometimes I threw my self on the Bed, sometimes on the Floor, being tir'd of all Postures; at last I went out on the Balcony which appertain'd to my Lodging, and jetted, as it were, over the Sea. Here I walk'd many Turns in the greatest Perplexity a Soul could suffer. I fancy I resembled Queen *Dido* (as History describes her) at the Departure of her *Æneas*, and was as much embarrass'd and distracted how to avoid my amorous Persecutor, as she could be how to follow or overtake her beloved Fugitive. Thus, different Causes often produce the same Effect, as Glass, which is equally made by the Extremities of Heat and Cold. How happy did I esteem those Nymphs of Old, who, by the Pity of the Gods, were transform'd into Plants or Animals, by which they avoided the Embraces of their hated Lovers. And, indeed, *Valerius* was now become such to me, this Contrivance having raz'd out all those Characters of Friendship and fraternal Love, which his vertuous and generous Behaviour had engraven in my Heart before; and I now detested and abhorr'd him as the worst of Criminals. Sometimes I resolv'd to cast my self into the Deep, and so become a Sacrifice to *Neptune*, rather than

than a Victim to his incestuous Love; sometimes to force myself upon those Iron Spikes on the Banisters, with a Thousand other extravagant Thoughts, which Reason, or want of Courage, render'd abortive; till, befriended by *Cynthia's* bright Beams, I saw in a Cleft of the Wall an old rusty Key, with which (as Fortune, or my good Genius would have it) I open'd the Iron-Gate, thro' which one descends by Steps to the Sea. At the bottom of these Stairs there was an old Boat slightly fasten'd, into which I enter'd, and committed myself to the Mercy of that rude Element.

The Wind being favourable, I was soon driven far enough from the Coast of *Sicily*, with how little Appearance of Safety I leave you to imagine; but I trusted in that Divine Providence which had deliver'd me so far, and this bore up my Hopes against those swelling Surges, and the gaping Deep, which every Moment threaten'd to devour me; being well assur'd of the Mercy of those Gods I had serv'd to receive my immortal Part, if my Body perish'd. And here it was that I experienc'd the Doctrine of those Philosophers who affirm, that a Person truly Virtuous can never be thoroughly unfortunate, because he places not his Happiness on external Things, as not being always in his Power. In these Thoughts I was toss'd all that

Night; when the Morning appear'd, I saw a Ship failing that Way, to which I call'd and beckon'd, intreating them to take me in, which they did with much readines, and put me into a Cabin to repose myself. Whilst I was there, I heard a complaining Voice, which said, O Divine Beauty! Where have the Gods dispos'd thee! Must I for ever wander in a gloomy Despair, without being enlighten'd by the Rays of thy bright Perfections? Ah me! what signifies all those Honours with which I have been adorn'd, since hard Fortune forces me from all I love; with many other Words of this Kind; by which I knew there were Persons of Quality in the World unfortunate as well as the unhappy *Clarinthia*. After a convenient Time of Rest, I was call'd for, to go before the Commander of the Vessel; for his Servants had inform'd him of their Adventure in finding me that Morning; wherefore he desir'd to speak with me, to know wherein he could be farther serviceable to me. I being willing to inform myself into whose Hands I was fallen, ask'd the Name and Country of their Master; to which they answer'd, that he was a *Roman*, and his Name *Lysander*; of the former I was glad, but ignorant of the latter. When I enter'd into his Cabin, good Gods! with what Astonishment did I behold in him the Person of
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the noble Stranger I left wounded at the Hermit's Cell, at which my Transports were so great, that I sunk down with the Pressure of so great a Surprize. They presently apply'd their Assistance, which soon prov'd effectual to the Recovery of my Senses. The first Object that presented it self to my opening Eyes, was *Lyfander's* Face all bath'd in Tears, making me such extravagant Protestations of his Joy and Love, as is impossible to repeat. Then kissing my Hands a thousand Times, on his Knees begg'd me to pronounce his Doom, forasmuch as it was evidence by my swooning at the Sight of him, that he was not indifferent to me ; but whether he was the Object of my Inclination or Aversion was doubtful ; but he fear'd the latter, having been so unfortunate as to render me fatherless. This plain Declaration put me to so great a Confusion, that I scarce knew what to reply, for I knew I ought not to receive favourably such a Declaration from a Man that had bereav'd me of my Father ; and, on the other Side, Gratitude as well as Inclination forbad me to treat him harshly, who had defended my Honour, and now sav'd my Life. Alas, (said I to him) Fortune has been so unkind to me, that I can neither refuse, nor grant what you require, one being inconsistent with Gratitude, the other with Honour. Hard Fate in the

Death of my Father, having put such a Bar as can never be remov'd, so as for me to become your Wife; otherwise, I would pronounce, that I neither do, or ever will love any but the brave and vertuous *Lysander*. Nevertheless, he was quite transported at this Assurance, and made me a thousand Protestations of his everlasting Love, in which was contain'd more Extasy and Rapture than I am able to repeat. His Looks declar'd his Thoughts, and his Words explain'd his Looks, and all together agreed in the Testimony of a sincere and vertuous Passion. Vertuous was his Mein, Words, and Actions, which was to me a greater Assurance of his Love than many Years Service, replenish'd with numerous and large Declarations, rich Presents, publick Acts of Galantry, in Honour of my Beauty, and a thousand other Arts used by the Sex to engage ours. This little Cabin in which we were, was to us the whole World. Dancing, Feasting, Theatres, Triumphs, were all here compriz'd. Our Persons were to each other all Objects agreeable to the Sight, and our Words all that could charm the Hearing; our Hearts danc'd to the Musick of repeated Vows, whilst faithful Sighs sung the Chorus to every Period. What shall I say? 'Twas here we built in a few Moments the Fabrick of an everlasting Love,

The Banish'd ROMAN. 53

Love, on the Foundation of perfect Virtue. But alas! how short is all human Happiness! especially all that appertains to me; for whilst we were in this Entertainment, his Servants came in, telling him, they apprehended a Storm was coming upon us, and desired his Orders. By this Time we were a good Way over the *Mediterranean* Sea, towards the Coast of *Africa*, whither he was going in search of me, concluding me escap'd thither, there to remain amongst some Friends I had at *Carthage*, 'till the Business of my Father's Death could be accommodated with the Senate; nor had he thought to consult or command the turning of the Vessel when he found me, by reason of the aforesaid surprizing Entertainment, which had taken up the greatest Part of the Day; and now Night coming on, and the Storm increasing, we were in great Danger, notwithstanding all the Pains and Care of the Mariners. The Storm continued all Night, and in the Morning we felt what before we feared, for we were forceably driven upon a Rock on the Coast of *Africa*; at the second Blow our Vessel began to shatter, at the third, I saw (to my everlasting Grief) the brave and virtuous *Lysander* (who was assisting the Mariners) toss'd off into the Sea, where he was immediately overwhelmed with the Waves. The Wind never

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ceas'd,

ceas'd, beating our Vessel against the Rock, 'till it was split in a thousand Pieces. I was by the Care of *Lysander's* Gentleman fastened to a Plank, on which I was driven by the force of the Winds on the Coast of *Africa*, where I was taken up by *Amilcar*, and *Hannibal* his Son. All which this young Gentleman (addressing her Speech to one of the Strangers) knows better than myself, therefore to him I recommend the Continuation of my History.

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
I S M E N U S.

*Wherein is the Conclusion of CLARINTHIA'S
S T O R Y.*

MY Name, (said he,) is *Ismenus* but of what Country or Family I know not; I suppose a *Roman*, though I never knew any other Being, or State of Life, but that of Slave to *Hannibal*. Here I enjoyed as much Happiness by the Favour of *Hannibal* and his Father, as could be hop'd for in Servitude, for I was on the
same

same footing with his Pages which were Free-men, and with them learn'd all Sorts of Exercises and Accomplishments, in which I made so good a Proficiency, that *Amilcar* and *Hannibal* would sometimes say, there appear'd in me a true *Roman* Genius, which was saying, in one Word, all that could be said on that Subject, the *Romans* bearing the Prize of Renown from the whole Universe; not but that the *Africans* are endeavouring, and do daily improve in Arts and Arms, especially their Chiefs, amongst whom *Hannibal* (young as he is) wears the Character of a complete Person; he is in his Nature Courteous and Civil, and in all his Actions Just and Generous; which, indeed, are the Bases on which a great Man ought to build his Glory. Whensoever *Hannibal* has occasion to Reward or Punish, he does it such a Manner, as shews the one to proceed from Inclination, the other from Necessity. The latter he does with such apparent Regret, that even the Criminal himself may see that his Design is to punish the Crime, and not the Person, if they were separable: And, on the other Side, he rewards with such Alacrity, or rather Eagerness, as if he desir'd to recompence both the Vertue and the Person, if they were distinct; by one he avoids making any Body his Enemy, and by the other he makes every Body his

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Friend;

Friend; that he is one of the most popular and best beloved of all the *Carthaginian* Nobility. As his Birth has plac'd him in an exalted Sphere, so his personal Worth shines there with such Lustre, as from thence they calculate coming Glories to to their Country: But it is not my Business to dwell upon his Character, therefore return.

In the Summer he was with his Father *Amilcar*, retir'd from the Noise and Hurry of Business, which fills the great and populous City of *Carthage*, into the Country, to divert themselves with Rural Recreations; where, walking out one Morning by the Sea-Coast, they found there this beautiful Person *Clarintbia*, fasten'd on a Plank, (as she told you) and driven to the Shore, almost dead, but by their Industry was recover'd to Life, and in due Time to perfect Health. *Amilcar* finding her beautiful, and a Person of Address, gave her to his Daughter *Emelia*. Here she behaved herself with such a graceful Affability, that she soon gain'd the Love and Esteem of every Body. I dare not enlarge on her Character, lest I offend her Modesty, and encroach on your Judgments, who behold her before you. But as she was agreeable to all, so in particular to *Emelia*, her Mistress, who had so much Consideration for her, that she treated her more like

a Friend than a Servant ; in which she gratify'd not only her compassionate Inclination, but gave herself a sensible Pleasure in the Sweetness of *Clarinthia's* Conversation. This Treatment from *Emelia*, and the Death of her much lamented *Lysander*, join'd with her fatal Circumstances in *Italy*, made her resolve to pass her Days in that unknown Condition, without ever thinking on a Return into her native Country, and for that Reason conceal'd her Name and Quality ; of all which she was pleas'd to make me the only Confident, and so I became acquainted with her past and present Afflictions ; amongst which nothing was so touching as the Lamentations she made for her *Lysander* ; and for his sake made firm Resolutions of perpetual Virginity. Now altho' she was thus incircled with Griefs and Misfortunes, her Beauties were not thereby obscur'd, but, like the Sun behind a transparent Cloud, was more conspicuous to the Beholders, especially to the View of *Hannibal*, whose young Heart having never yet been touch'd with any amorous Inclination, soon became sensible of *Clarinthia's* Charms ; and accordingly made his Addresses to her with that Sincerity and Respect, which her Beauty and graceful Mein always commanded, notwithstanding her Misfortunes, which generally humble and abase a noble Beha-

viour. But she retain'd still such an Air of Greatness, tho' mix'd with her aforesaid Courtesy, as render'd all Access of that Kind very difficult, and denoted in her something extraordinary. Nevertheless this Coldness serv'd only to fan *Hannibal's* Flame, and by Way of *Antiperistasis* (as the Philosophers term it) increas'd the Ardour of that Fire already inextinguishable. Now tho' *Clarinthia* carefully avoided all Occasions of his Courtship, yet her Devoirs engaging her continually to *Emelia's* Apartment, (where, as a Brother, he had free Access) subjected *Clarinthia* to divers little amorous Rencounters, which no Care or Foresight could prevent.

This Proceeding began to break her Measures, and check her Resolution of remaining there, and made her divers Times cast in her Thoughts how to compass an Escape. Sometimes she resolv'd to send to the Senate to purchase her Freedom; but then again, considering the great Possessions they enjoy'd by her Captivity, she too well knew their avaricious Inclinations to hope for their Assistance. Another while, she resolv'd to discover herself to *Emelia*, and so obtain *Amilcar's* Counsel and Protection; but then again she concluded, the making her Quality known, would open an Inlet to *Hannibal's* Love, and by his Father's Consent bring upon herself a Marriage

riage contrary to her firm Resolution taken to consecrate her Affections, and indeed her whole Life, to the Memory of *Lysander*. These Considerations gave her much Inquietude, which she communicated to me, when any favourable Moment furnished us with Opportunity.

Whilst *Clarinthia* was thus embarrassed with the Love of *Hannibal*, I was happy in that of *Emelia*, the several Circumstances of which would be too arrogant for me to repeat; nor indeed, would it be necessary, all the World knowing the *Africans* Inclinations towards the *Europeans*; for they not only prefer our Complexions, but also our Features, Shape, Mein, and Humour, as being naturally more soft, easy and genteel than those of that Country. Whatever it was I know not, but had the good Fortune to be lik'd by *Emelia*, and we lov'd, tho' at the Hazard of our Lives; so I need not tell you with what Care we kept this Affection secret, no Mortal having the least Thought or Knowledge of it, except *Clarinthia*, whom *Emelia* made her Confident.

Long we did not remain in this State; for the cold Reception *Clarinthia* gave to *Hannibal's* Address, made him begin to think her frequent Correspondence with me had some other Original than that of Friendship, not knowing how far his Sister's

ster's Affections gave Occasion to such Intercourse: Nor do I believe *Emelia* was quite free from Suspicion, though we gave no real Cause to either. But such are the Effects of this unhappy Passion, Jealousy; it supplants Reason, and sows in our Minds a thousand Follies; by it we demean the Person we love through unworthy Suspicions, and honour our hated Rival in supposing him preferable to ourselves; and, in so doing, often do Injustice to our own Merit, which, perhaps, deserves the Pre-eminence. The jealous Man may be compar'd to those we read of condemned to certain Punishments in Hell; he labours at *Ixion's* Wheel, by turning from Fancy to Fancy, from Suspicion to Suspicion, and his own Thoughts are mere Vultures to devour the Heart of his Happiness; in fine, this Passion is the Green-Sickness of the Mind, making us swallow Notions pernicious to our Quiet: Some say, it is the Child of Love, if so, it is a cruel Offspring, which commonly devours its Parent in the End, and then becomes itself transformed into Rage or Regret. Yet ridiculous and extravagant as it is, the Noble *Hannibal* could not defend himself from its Incroachments; but, as aforesaid, was jealous of me his poor Vassal, whom he might have crushed with a Look, and with a Word reduc'd to nothing.

Whilst

Whilst Things were on this footing, a certain Nobleman of *Cartbage*, *Gundibund* by Name, made his Addresses to *Amilcar*, in order to marry his Daughter *Emelia*. His Riches and Honours were too considerable to be refus'd by *Amilcar*, tho' his Years render'd him disagreeable to *Emelia's* Youth. However, being ordered by her Father to receive his Love, and dispose herself for a speedy Marriage, she durst not disobey. The Truth is, I flattered myself that the Command was the more displeasing to her, in Consideration of those kind Thoughts she had conceiv'd towards me. I am sure, it was to me the greatest of Afflictions; tho' in Reality, the whole Affair of our Love was meer Chimera, a Machine of Folly, wherein to weave our own Ruin. For what could we ever hope for but Death and Destruction, if it ever came to be known? And Love is too violent a Flame to remain long concealed. In vain it was for me to count upon a Right to her Person, because she had given me her Affections; for in my low Station, I could not assert this Right without exposing her Life to her Father's Anger and her Honour to everlasting Infamy. But Heaven delivered me out of these Difficulties, by a Means least expected. *Emelia* having her Thoughts much encumbered, as well as myself, ordered me to come
to

to her Apartment one Evening late, where I had ready Access, as being her Brother's Page. Here I found her alone with Tapers burning by her, which gave a Lustre to all the bright Ornaments of the Room; but her own Beauties were such as quite dazzled the Eyes and Senses of me the fond Spectator. Then kneeling, and kissing her Hands with excessive Transport, I told her, if her Courage would support her to accomplish what her Goodness had begun, and by a secret Flight with me into *Europe*, make me for ever happy, eternal Blessings would attend the Enterprize.

What you propose, (said *Emelia*,) is impossible to accomplish; you know how Great a Prince my Father is, and what absolute Authority our Laws give such over Children and Servants, that the least Attempt of that Kind would cost us both our Lives; yet what is it I would not do for my lovely Boy? Even now I risque what ought to be more dear to me than Life, mine Honour; yet a Goddess would do the same for such an *European* Youth as is my dear *Ismenus*. Then be not surpriz'd that I tell you, tho' I am to be married to *Gundibund*, *Ismenus* shall be my Husband in effect; then you shall be as happy as Love can make you. These Words were so amazing, and so contradictory

dictory to that Virtue I so much value in the Sex, that they quite chang'd the Bias of my Thoughts; and all the Affliction I had before, in Consideration of losing her I loved, now vanished; and she whom before I adored, I now disesteemed; nay, my Soul was seized with such a secret Disgust, that all her Charms had not the Power to fix one tender Thought in me towards her, so as to make her grateful to my Senses. In short, I told her, that since I could not hope to enjoy her wholly for ever, I must despair of being made happy by Love, and so I left her Apartment. How she resented this my Indifference, or rather Scorn, I know not, but I suppose with great Indignation.

Next Morning early she walk'd into the Garden, and entering an Arbour she found *Clarinthia*, with the Picture of *Lysander* in her Hand, which she kissed and bedewed with her Tears so passionately, that she did not see *Emelia* when she came into the Arbour. The Sight of this Picture blew up the Fire of Jealousy in *Emelia*; for she believed it to be my Portraiture, and, indeed, every Body that saw it said it resembled me: This, with my cold Behaviour to her over Night, put her into a perfect Fury, which she demonstrated by all the opprobrious Speeches her Anger could suggest, unbecoming her Sex and Quality.

I being thoughtful of what had passed the preceeding Night, concluded that *Emelia's* Displeasure and *Hannibal's* Jealousy would not permit me to live there long in Security, much less in Repose; wherefore I went into the Garden where *Clarinthia* frequented, with Intent to advise with her about making her Escape, if possible. It was my Fate to enter the Arbour just as *Emelia* was in her Fury; and in a few Moments *Hannibal* came also, whether excited by Love, as knowing that to be the Place where *Clarinthia* frequently retired, or by Jealousy, as knowing me to be gone thither, is not certain; but so it was, just as *Emelia* was in the Heat of her Choler, *Hannibal* entered, and was soon made to understand the Cause of his Sister's Anger; and seeing the Picture, concluded it to be mine: Wherefore drawing his Sword, said, Insolent Slave, since *Clarinthia* honours thee with her Love, thou shalt have the Honour to die by my Hand. If, (said I,) *Clarinthia* honours me with her Love, I am bound for her sake to defend my Life: So drawing my Sword, we made several Passes at each other, 'till both fell wounded, *Hannibal* in the Body, and I in the Arm. The Cries of *Emelia* and *Clarinthia* brought many of the Family thither, who finding us in this Posture, took us away, *Hannibal* to his Bed, and me to Prison. Here Care

was

was taken for the Cure of my Wound, to make me suffer the more condign Punishment, and be made a publick Example; as indeed I think I partly deserved, in forgetting my Duty so far as to lift up my Hand against my Master and Benefactor: However, the Suddenness of the Occasion, joined with the Law of Nature which commands Self-Defence, I hope will plead my Excuse, in some Degree, in the Minds of moderate and judicious Persons.

As soon as my Arm was well, *Amilcar* condemn'd me to be devour'd by wild Beasts, as the proper Punishment of a Crime so brutal; though, as I have heard, *Hannibal* interceded for me earnestly, but could not obtain my Pardon. The Day of my Execution being come, I had a Sword given me to defend my Life as long as I could, the better to divert the Spectators, which I used so well, that I quickly dispatch'd one of my Savage Combatants. The other that had been more used to those Kind of Attacks came not upon me with open Jaws, as did the other, but with many subtle Turnings, endeavour'd to catch hold of my Sword with his Paws, and so to wrest it out my Hands; but I proving too nimble for him in his Turnings, leap'd on his Back, caught hold on his Beard, and so forc'd my Sword through his Throat. Thus was I deliver'd from
both

both my fierce Enemies. But this serv'd only to enrage *Amilcar* against me ; wherefore he again return'd me to Prison, where I lay some Days, expecting my Doom. In the mean Time *Hannibal* and *Emelia* interceded with their Father on my behalf, nor was *Gundibund* silent on this Occasion ; but *Amilcar* could not be mov'd, it being counted a Crime so enormous, that to pardon it was to affront Justice, and shock the Fundamental Laws of the Country ; wherefore all the Favour they could obtain for me was, that my Death should not be quite so brutal, tho' altogether as cruel, that is, by the Hands of Men, *to wit*, Gladiators ; (for they have that bloody Diversion among them) ; so I was to make a Part in those Spectacles, which were to divert the World at *Emelia's* Marriage, which was to succeed very soon. But *Emelia* being truly concern'd for me, came one Night into the Prison, with a Number of her Servants ; whether she had Leave from her Father, or had gain'd the Keeper with Bribes, I know not ; but she brought with her a Disguise, in which I dress'd myself, and so went out with her as one of her Maids. She bade me escape for my Life, and never think on her more. The Moon shining bright, I got to the Forest which runs many Leagues along the Sea-Coast. As I here wander'd, endeavouring to direct

rect my Steps towards the Sea, I found the Mouth of a Cave, which, without much Difficulty, I open'd, and entering in, I found a pretty large Cavity, enlighten'd by a Lamp, which made me conclude it to be the Habitation of some human Creature, but ignorant whether of some lewd Outlaw, or some holy Anchorite, or Priest of *Pan* or *Diana*, who, renouncing the World, and all human Happiness, live in such Retreats, in Contemplation of that Divinity to which they are devoted. But which soever of them it might be, I could propose no great Hopes of Assistance from either; therefore was doubtful to make any farther Progress in that unfrequented Recess. Yet the Danger of the wild Beasts abroad made me willing to remain there 'till Morning, at which Time they are ordinarily retir'd to their Dens. In fine, I pray'd my good Genius to direct me, and humbly supplicated the Goddess *Diana* (by whose bright Beams my Steps had been directed thither) to inspire me: I begg'd her Protection who was the Patroness of Chastity, which Virtue had been the original Cause of my Sufferings. After having thus recommended myself to the Powers Divine, I resolv'd to proceed: But going on, I found the Cavity grow narrow and dark, that I moved my Steps with Horror as well as Care. At last the
Cave

Cave turning, I saw at a Distance another Lamp, which gave a small dim Light; yet by it I perceiv'd, at the farthest End of the Cave, a Person lying upon a Bed of Moss, Rushes, and such like Materials, but I could not possibly get near him; for there was a Trench or Ditch cross the Cave, too large to be step'd or leap'd over: I saw on the other Side a sort of Bridge, which I presum'd he plac'd to pass and repass at his Pleasure; but I could no Ways attain to have it for my Use. This Person seem'd to lie in a profound Sleep, such as they enjoy who have Innocence for their Bed, and a good Conscience for their Pillow. His Countenance seem'd amiable, and vanquish'd from my Breast all Terror and Apprehension, and brought into their Place Content, and a Desire of corresponding with him, but could not find in my Heart to make any Noise whereby to awake him: But viewing him, and his disconsolate Apartment, I perceiv'd the Walls garnish'd in an odd Manner, with divers Sorts of Cyphers, Emblems, and Devices; some made of different Shells, others of Moss, Bark of Trees, Seeds, and the like; but all of them, of whatsoever they were made, had one certain Name over or under, or round about them; which I concluded was the Name of the Goddess he ador'd, or the Mistress he lov'd. The
Name

The Banish'd ROMAN. 69

NAME WAS SCIPIANA, writ in *Roman* Characters. In some Places there was a flaming Heart crown'd with that Name, here a broken Heart, there a chained Heart; in this Place Knots and Devices, in that the Emblems of Death and Despair; but all of what Kind soever, was still SCIPIANA, which was, for the most Part, made of Clay, roll'd into a certain Bigness, fit to make large Letters, plain to be read at that Distance. Casting my Eyes directly above his Head, I saw these Words.

*When I but dream of her I love,
I envy not the Blest above,
Nor wish to be the mighty Jove.*

*Then, O! ye Gods, her Vision show,
Since this is all you can bestow,
And all that Hope has left me now.*

By these Verses, Emblems, and Mottoes, I began to conclude, the Inhabitant I there saw, to be some desperate, unfortunate, Lover, and therefore a fit Companion of my Misfortunes. As I stood looking on him with no small Astonishment, I perceiv'd his Lips mov'd, with a pleas'd Countenance, as if he were dreaming on the Object of his Tenderness, as in reality he was: For he thought he saw his *Scipiana* on the other Side of the Trench, endeavouring to come
over

over to him; at which he striving to help her, awak'd; and seeing me on the other Side, in my female Habit, believed me, at first Sight, to be this Object of his Adoration; or, if not *Scipiana* herself, at least her Spirit; whereupon he made me a thousand extravagant Compliments, and coming over his Bridge, cast himself at my Feet, crying, *Scipiana, Scipiana*, divine Beauty, incomparable Goodness, is it you in Person, or is it thy Angelick Spirit or some other airy Apparition that comes to visit and comfort me in this my disconsolate Solitude? whatever thou art, I am sure I find my self happy in the Vision. Thus he went on, with a thousand other the like Expressions, all the while kissing my Feet and embracing my Knees with the utmost Transport; insomuch, that I had much Difficulty to undeceive him, by telling him who I was, and what Disguise I wore; beseeching him to convert his Transports into Charity, and receive me into this his solitary Retreat, and instruct me in those Rudiments of Humility and Self-Denial which he there practis'd in Perfection. At last, by divers Turns of Discourse he came out of his amorous Delirium, and received me into his Cell, with all the Courtesy and Kindness which was possible for one distress'd Person to shew to another in such an Adventure, and treated me with such

Cates

Cates as that savage Being afforded. Next Day, towards Evening, we heard a prodigious Shout of People, which obliged our Curiosity to go towards the Out-side of the Forest, thereby to inform ourselves of the Cause of that great Noise, where we were soon made to understand the Affair, by the Sight of a Funeral Pile, on which they said *Clarinthia* was to be burnt ; for since the guilty *Ismenus* was escaped, the innocent *Clarinthia* was to sustain the whole Shock of *Amilcar's* Anger, supposing her to be an Assistant, or at least conscious of his Escape. At this Information I was so concerned, that I was running to offer myself to the Tyrant, thereby to save her ; but my Companion stopp'd me, saying, we might exercise our Courage another Way, more useful to her, or at least part with our Lives more honourably. I was very ready to take his Instructions, and so resolv'd to act as he should advise, he being a Person of greater Experience than myself. Whilst he was giving me his Documents, the beauteous Prisoner came bound, led by the Hands of *Amilcar's* Servants, and a great Rabble of Spectators following. Then it was we rushed in amongst 'em, crying, *A Pardon, a Pardon* ; by which Means the People made Way for us, till we got to those who handed this fair Victim. The first my noble Companion dispatched,

patched, whose Sword I took, and there-
with assisted my Friend with such Success,
that we soon killed, or put to Flight, those
who had the Charge of her Execution,
who were only some of *Amilcar's* Servants,
the rest of this head-less Mob dispers'd
themselves of course, some running one
Way, some another; few of those Barba-
rians knowing what we meant or would be
at. For the vulgar Part of the *Africans* are
extreamly unthoughtful and unpolished,
without Reflection or Fore-sight, but, like
Mules, follow the common Track mark'd
out by their Leaders, who are the Nobi-
lity, and command their respective Di-
stricts with an absolute Authority; his
Will being the Law by which he governs,
having scarce any other Rule to guide ei-
ther his own or others Actions by; tho' now
they begin to improve, the Nobles indus-
triously applying themselves to learn the
Laws and Customs of the *Romans* and
Egyptians, according to their respective
Proximity. But not to entertain you with
their Customs, which merit not your Hear-
ing; in short, we delivered the beauteous
Prisoner, and brought her along with us
to the Forest, where we went no more
to the Cave, but forc'd ourselves into the
thickest and most unfrequented Parts of
the Wood; Night befriending us, we ac-
complished our Escape. Next Morning
our

our generous and valiant Friend brought us to a certain Place on the Sea-shoar, where he knew the Carcass of an old Vessel lay, in a Creek between two Rocks, which was the same that had brought him thither, for he was not a Native of that Country. Into this miserable Instrument of Escape we descended, nor without great Difficulty, the Rocks being stupendous and craggy. By the Help of some Poles we had provided for that Purpose, we got the Boat out of the Creek; and having a prosperous Gale, were soon driven out into the midst of the *Mediterranean*. The Gods having been thus far propitious, we could not despair, tho' otherwise there was scarce any Shadow of Safety, we being in an old Shell of a Vessel, without either Sails, Oars, or any manner of Tackling, or Food to supply our Necessities. But *Clarinthia's* pious Intention gave us some Encouragement, believing the Gods would not abandon so bright a Votary; for she all along told us, that having lost her *Lysander*, she now resolved to become a Vestal Nun, if, by the Favour of the Gods, she arriv'd safe into her own Country. The Gods hearing the Prayers and Vows of so much Beauty an Innocence, sent to our Assistance an *Italian* Ship, who charitably took us in, and, at my Request furnished

me with a Suit of Man's Apparel, I leaving with them my Female Accoutrements.

Thus we were brought to this Coast. *Clarinthia* being very much indispos'd with the Sea-Voyage, and the preceding Fatigue, desired to be set on Shoar the first Opportunity, which was on this Strand, where we found ourselves delivered from violent Death, and maritime Dangers, but expos'd to the Misery of wanting every Thing; from which, by your Charity, we are at present delivered (addressing himself to *Marcellus*) and now you see, Sir, (continued he) what unfortunate People are the Objects of your Bounty, even destitute of all Means to testify our Gratitude, but a sincere Acknowledgment. And having found you thus far our Benefactor, we have Reason to believe you to be one of those Noble Souls, who find a Satisfaction in exhibiting Benefits; therefore we may reasonably apply ourselves to your Prudence and Goodness, to counsel and assist this unfortunate Lady in accomplishing her Business with the Senate, that she may speedily be establish'd in that holy Retreat her Soul longs after, amongst the Vestal Virgins. I shall always (reply'd *Marcellus*) be ready to assist the Distress'd, especially Persons of your Merit; but methinks the Beauty of *Clarinthia* ought not to be hid in those obscure Cells, but placed in such a Sphere

Sphere, where it may irradiate, and enliven the Hearts of all admiring Beholders. Ah! Sir, reply'd *Clarintbia*, had my *Lysander* liv'd, I should have thought on no such Retreat; but since his Death, I ought to count those Beauties with which I am complimented, but as Comets, whose Aspects are horrible, and their Influence destructive to my Quiet; wherefore it behoves me to endeavour their Fall and Dissolution; for, besides the Death of the incomparable *Lysander*, my other Misfortunes render me unfit for human Society, so ought to be lopped off as an useless and combersome Member of the Body Politick; and since Death's kind Hand refuses me that Favour, myself shall do it, by a voluntary dying Life among those sacred Recluses. Since your Resolution is fix'd (said *Marcellus*) on a Design so agreeable to the Gods, it were impiety to oppose it; therefore, to fortify your Interest with the Senate, I will wait on you to my Lord *Publius Scipio*, whose House is near. I know the Love he has for your Ladyship, as also for the Memory of your virtuous Mother, will engage him in your Concerns, both by his Advice, and Interest in the Senate; but at present, Rest being the most necessary Accommodation, after so many great and dangerous Fatigues, we will conduct you to your Apartment.

B O O K III.

HAVING left *Clarinthia* and the other weary Travellers to repose themselves by the Bounty of *Marcellus*, I beg the Reader to accompany me through a pleasant Grove to *Publius Scipio's* House, where we find this venerable Lord transported with Joy at the unexpected Return of his beautiful Daughter, after having been so long given over for lost. *Clelia's* Happiness also was inexpressible, to have again the Company of her dear Cousin, who had been the Associate of her tender Years.

The two Ladies rising early, walk'd into the Grove, to offer their Morning Oblations to the Goddess *Aurora*, who had there an Altar, (as before-mentioned) after which they seated themselves in a pleasant Shade, which the Day before had been the happy Place of their Meeting; and at *Clelia's* Request, *Scipiana* related the following History.

T H E

THE
HISTORY
OR
SCIPIANA.

YOU are not ignorant, Cousin, (said *Scipiana*) that the Death of my Mother, the Loss of my little Brother *Scipio*, and the Banishment of the noble *Catullus*, so afflicted my Father, that he abandon'd *Rome*, and retir'd to this his Country-Seat, where I remain'd with him, leading a Life somewhat particular for my Sex and Quality, for I made the Study of Philosophy, the *Greek* and Oriental Tongues, my Business and Diversion. How far this is suitable to our Sex I dare not pretend to determine, the Men having taken Learning for their Province, we must not touch upon its Borders without being suppos'd Usurpers. However, since it did not displease my Father, I regret not those Moments I bestow'd in its Service, but think 'em still my own, and not slipp'd with the rest of my Life's Actions into the Abyss of Time past, (which returns no more) but are al-

ways present, or at least the Product of those Moments, to wit, the good Morals I learn'd, are always at my Command. 'Tis probable, if Fortune had provided me a more publick Station, I had employ'd my Time otherwise; but in this Retirement with my Father, I could not find a more agreeable Entertainment.

When my Brother return'd in Triumph from his *Asian* Conquest, you know then, according to the *Roman* Custom, I was there to meet the Triumpher amongst the other *Roman* Ladies. Your Brother, the Noble *Fabius*, in Pursuance of our Parents Desires, offer'd me his Love, with a Gallantry suitable to his Youth and Quality, which I receiv'd according to his Merit, and my Duty; knowing it to be the Will of those who had Power to dispose of us and our Fortunes. Thus we thought we had built our Amours on the safest and surest Foundation, Duty, and Convenience; but alas! those fair Edifices are not able to resist the Storms and Hurricanes which are rais'd by cross Fortune, but fall with the first Shock, as will appear by the sequel of my Story.

Clodius, who, you know, makes Love to all the World, did not spare me, I suppose out of Curiosity, as knowing me to be a Country Lady, he thought to find an Entertainment particular and different from

from others. What was his Motive it matters not, I always let him know his Addresses were unwelcome, and his loose Humour disagreeable; nor did I scruple to own my Kindness to *Fabius*, since our Marriage was so speedily to be celebrated. To which *Clodius* answered, that *Fabius* should never live with me, nor *Clodius* without me; and this he endeavoured to make good, in attempting to assassinate *Fabius* in the Street the Night before our Departure from *Rome*. You may remember that we were to have gone together to my Father's House, where the Nuptials were to have been celebrated, but this Accident befalling *Fabius*, prevented both him and you; wherefore my Brother and I took our Journey privately, he sending his Equipage before, whilst we came with no other Attendance than his Gentleman *Fidelius*, and my Woman *Milena*, besides those necessary for the Conduct of the Chariot. Our Journey the first Day was very agreeable, except the Regret we had for your Absence, and your Brother's Illness, which detained you both. The next Day towards Evening, going by a pleasant Wood, whose verdant Trees and flowery Banks deserved our Regard, and might have given us Entertainment, but that a little Weariness had laid a kind of drowsy Silence upon me, whereupon *Asia-*

ticus merrily told me, if *Fabius* was here I should be better Company; have Patience, Sister (continued he) his Wound will not detain him long. To which I replied, that the Love and Honour I had for my Cousin *Fabius*, obliged me to wish his speedy Recovery, but not for my own Sake, in Regard of our Marriage, which was to succeed; for I assure you (continued I) my Inclinations to a married Life are very little. No, replied my Brother, your Books have spoiled you, making you prefer the Conversation of the Dead to that of the Living. But what think you, will you consent that we make these your dead Companions augment the Fireworks which will be prepared for the celebrating your Nuptials? Take it not ill, dear Sister (continued he) that I affront your Fancy touching a learned Woman, I think it as misbecoming in your Sex, as Effeminacy in ours; and a learned Lady is as ridiculous as a spinning *Hercules*.

Whilst we were in this Discourse by the aforesaid Wood, we heard the Cries of a Woman in Distress. *Asiaticus* being touched with Pity and Generosity, forced himself into the Forest to assist this distressed Person, leaving *Fidelius* to wait on me. We continued our Journey with all convenient Speed, in order to send *Fidelius* after his Master, and in a little Time we arrived

arrived at a magnificent House, where lived an ancient Lady, Mother to *Lucullus*, and with her *Jemella*, her Grand-child. The good Lady and *Jemella* were walking in the outward Court, and very kindly invited me to stay that Night; which Favour I accepted without Ceremony, in Consideration of sending *Fidelius* after his Master.

Here I was entertained by these good Ladies with all proper Civility and Respect. I slept but little, by Means of the Inquietude I had in my Thoughts for my Brother; so rising early next Morning, *Jemella*, to divert me, led me into the Garden, which is indeed most surprizingly beautiful. You know the Garden of *Lucullus* at *Rome* is very fine, but far short of this his Country-Seat, which is most richly adorn'd with Statues, Water-works, and all Sorts of rare Trees and Plants, ranged in exact Order, making curious Walks, Arbours, and Recesses, most pleasant and beautiful. After a few Turns, we seated ourselves, and there I took the Liberty to ask *Jemella* how Affairs were between her and *Marcellus*, which I thought was no uncivil Curiosity, their Espousals being no ways a Secret. *Jemella* made no Difficulty to relate to me the whole Affair; and because those Transactions may concern you (my dear Cousin) I will tell you what I can remember.

THE
HISTORY
OF

Marcellus and Femella.

Related by SCIPIANA.

IN my tender Years, said *Femella*, my Father and the noble *Marcellus* being tied in a strict Bond of Friendship, thought to strengthen and perpetuate the same, by uniting us, their only Children, in the Bonds of Marriage; which they accomplished, or rather began, (for ended it must never be) when we were about seven or eight Years of Age, for then we were married as Minors. In this State we lived at *Rome*, 'till Time and Acquaintance with the World made us begin to have a secret Regret for being unlike the rest of our Companions, who were single, and at Liberty to direct their Affections according to the Bent of their Inclinations, of which most desirable Privilege we found ourselves deprived, by our Parents too prudently forestalling our Choice. This Regret was followed by a Kind of Aver-

Y
fion for each others Company, and that Person that could most wittily Pique or shock the other, was the happy Conqueror. This, I suppose, our Parents perceived, which made them provide for our Separation; for *Marcellus* was sent to *Athens* to study among the rest of the *Roman* Nobility; and I was sent hither to this Country Solitude, with design (I suppose) to prevent my Thoughts from fixing elsewhere in the Absence of *Marcellus*.

When we were come to those Years in which our Laws oblige us to give our final Consent or Denial, my Lord *Marcellus* sent for his Son, but he begg'd Leave to stay yet another Year, which my Lord his Father endeavoured to palliate to me, by telling me it was out of a true Honour and profound Respect, which he had for my Merit, made him deny his own Happiness, thereby to render himself more worthy my Acceptance. Whatever was the Cause, was to me indifferent, the Delay was very agreeable; for beside the Coldness between us, I had no Mind to engage myself so soon in a Married State, always counting this Time of Virginity more distinctly my own, as if snatch'd from the round Ring of Eternity; tho' I must confess I could wish to employ these Moments otherwise than in this Solitude.

But thus it must be, I having no Mother, am obliged to be under the Jurisdiction of my Grandmother, who is a Lady of great Virtue and Wisdom, but thoroughly fix'd to this Country Abode, which is my Averſion.

Before the Year was ended, which *Marcellus* required for the improving his Studies, the Preparations were making for the *Asian* Expedition, in which *Scipio* (your Noble Brother) was constituted General. *Marcellus*, who had always entertained a particular Esteem for *Scipio*, and had now, it ſeems, a greater Devotion to the God *Mars* than *Cupid*, begged his Father to defer his Marriage, and give him Leave to accompany his beloved Friend *Scipio*, and with him to gather at leaſt one Branch of thoſe Lawrels which Fortune ſeem'd to have planted for the Head of this her young Favourite. This pleas'd me ſo very much, that my Father could ſcarce be perſwaded but that I had ſome ſecret Intrigue, which made him recommend to my Grandmother an exact Vigilance over me, even to a tireſom Conſtraint, nor could I obtain Permiſſion to go to *Rome*, to ſee the Glorious Triumph of *Scipio*, to congratulate the Triumpher, with the other *Roman* Ladies; which ſo diſpleas'd me, that I made a hearty Reſolution never to be married to *Marcellus*.

In

In this State, Madam, (*said she*) are my Affairs at present; I daily expect to be sent for by my Father, to give my determining Voice before the Senate, which I resolve shall be absolutely Negative; tho', at the same Time, I count my self bound in Honour to make some religious Pretence; for to oppose the Choice of my Parents, without some very laudable Reason, is to affront their Judgment, and prefer my own; and, at the same Time, all the World will believe me to have some bye Intrigue, unless I make Devotion the Veil of this my Disobedience; tho' I protest I am so far from having any real Call or Inclination to a religious Life, that I hate all Manner of Constraint. How then shall I endure those Hardships which attend the holy Recluses? This my ill founded Vocation makes me suspect that of others, and tempts me almost to conclude that the Vestals, and *Diana's* numerous Train, have many of them no better Motives than my self, to wit, some worldly Inclination or Aversion, and not the pure Love of the Gods, as they piously pretend. But let what will happen, I am resolved to hazard any Thing rather than marry *Marcellus*, who has shewed so much Indifferency for me, that he has neither come, sent, nor taken any manner of notice of me since his Return. I must confess

fefs, reply'd I (said *Scipiana*) that no Goodness can pardon such Negligence, and 'tis certain his Crimes deserve the capital Punishment of an absolute Refusal; nevertheless, I do not see that you are obliged for that Reason to sequester yourself from all the Happiness of human Life; for in so doing, you punish your innocent virtuous self instead of him the Criminal. No, Madam, (continued I) let me beg you to alter that Resolution, and when you have given your Refusal legally before the Senate, desire to return hither to your Grandmother. And though the Place be remote, and by its Distance from *Rome* something solitary, yet believe me, it will not be so long; for if you go not to *Rome*, your Beauty and Merit will bring *Rome* hither; for Nature makes not her Work in vain. She made your Beauty to be admir'd and belov'd, and when the World knows you are quite detached from *Marcellus*, every Heart will hope for some small Place in your Favour. The Youths will come to adore your Beauty, the Beauties to enjoy the Sweetness of your Conversation, and the grave ones to honour your Vertue; and altogether make an agreeable Concourse of pleasant Company. We were in this Kind of Discourse, when *Fidelius* came to us, and with a sad Countenance told us, that he had found the Place of a
very

very unlucky Rencounter, and then bursting into Tears, said, he had there found his Noble Master slain, whose Body he intended to have brought away; but whilst he run about to catch his Horse, (which was got from him) the Body was gone. At this Relation I fainted quite away. *Fidelius* ran to the House to get some little Cordial for me; in the mean Time, *Jemella*, and *Milena*, my Woman, by rubbing, and other Endeavours, brought me to myself; when, all on the sudden, there rush'd in at the Back-Gate of the Garden *Clodius* and his Servants, who, in spite of all our Cries and Resistance, took us away; for *Clodius* being conscious of what he had done to *Fabius*, had left *Rome* for fear of being apprehended, and was now making his Way to *Sardinia*, where he had a stately Castle, and great Lordships. Being alighted at this Place, to view a curious Piece of carved Work over the Gate, he heard our Voices, and finding the Gate open, by what Accident or Negligence I know not, he rush'd in and took us away as before-mention'd. We soon arrived on the Sea-Coast, where he had a Vessel ready, in which he imbarc'd us, and for an Augmentation of our Misfortune, he put us in different Cabins, where, according to his wild amorous Humour, he made Love to us both alternatively; and here he own'd
to

to me, that he had made that Attempt on *Fabius*, purely for my sake, to deliver me from the Necessity of casting away my Wit, Youth, and Beauty, on a sober, moral Plebian Idol, as he was pleas'd to term the noble and vertuous *Fabius*: And that out of no Motive (added he) but an Itch of being counted the vertuous, discreet, and dutiful *Scipiana*; a Pattern to the Youth, and the Envy of the Matrons, a Curb to the present licentious Age, and an Example to the future. Thus you vertuous Pretenders please your Vanity, and pride your selves in giving Laws to the World; and this it is engages you to accept of *Fabius* for an Husband; for very well I know, that your Inclinations are not towards him; therefore I hope you will not refuse your Deliverer, who has generously taken you out of this Prison of Formality, in which you must have been confin'd for your whole Life. Accept then graciously this Service from your noble Knight-Errant *Clodius*.

This kind of Raillery, as it was displeasing to me in itself, so double offensive, by reason of my sorrowful Circumstances; which, when he perceiv'd, he chang'd the Manner of his Discourse, and with all Submission and Respect endeavour'd to excuse himself, and assert his Passion, which I
mean

mean not to repeat ; for you know *Clodius* is Possessor of an Affluence of Wit, and can turn his Discourse as he pleases ; which if he would use to vertuous Ends, he might deservedly have a Place in the Catalogue of Worthies ; but he always follows the wild Mazes mark'd out by Fancy or Humour, without any Regard to Reason or Judgment, so that he renders himself a very odd Original, which I hope will never be copy'd by any of our noble *Romans*.

Having thus persecuted me with his Courtship, to which he found nothing but disobliging Returns, he left me, and went to *Femella*, on the same Errand, as I suppose. When I was alone, Grief supply'd the Place of Indignation, and the Thoughts of my Brother's Death supplanted all other Reflections, and every Reflection on that sorrowful Subject pierc'd my Heart with a new Wound of Grief ; for whether I consider'd his Glories, his Vertues, or his fraternal Love to me, or any of his excellent Endowments, all was Excess of Sorrow, because I found myself depriv'd of all ; great were his Merits, but greater was my Love ; the Excess of both transported me so, that I wish'd myself dead, senseless, or a Prey to some Sea-Mónster. I condemn those Philosophers as Teachers of false Principles, who assert, that the
Desire

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Desire

Desire of a Being is inseparable to our Nature; for the Misfortune of being cast into the Hands of *Clodius*, as well as the Death of my Brother, render'd Life to me an insupportable Burden, that I thought nothing so agreeable to my Wish as Death or Annihilation; but Experience, which often contradicts and overthrows Speculation, soon convinced me of the Extravagancy of these Fancies; for all on a sudden there broke out a Fire in the Ship, (by what Accident I know not) which being past all Hopes of extinguishing, we betook our selves to what Shifts we could to prolong our Lives, if but for a few miserable Moments. And to shew the Instability of our Natures, I, who but just before was so much in Love with Death, now courted Life as earnestly as any Pretender to her greatest Favours, and was very glad to be fasten'd on a Piece of the Hulk, and so committed to the other Element, in Hopes it would be more merciful than that of Fire.

As *Scipiana* was going on with her Discourse, she was interrupted by a Youth approaching them, who ask'd, if the House of my Lord *Publius Scipio* was near, forasmuch as he had Letters and Business of Consequence to deliver to that noble Lord; wherefore the two Ladies, rising from

from their Seat, commanded the Youth to follow them, in order to conduct him to my Lord *Publius Scipio*, where we will leave them for a Time, and return to the Strangers we left at *Marcellus's* House, at the other Side the Grove.



B O O K III.

M*Arcellus* having promis'd to espouse the Cause of his accidental Guest, inform'd them who he was, and the Reason of his being there in Disguise; and, in Pursuance of this his Promise, he took Orders to have such Necessaries brovided, as were fit to appear in before *Publius*, to whom he resolv'd to state the Case of his Amour with *Clelia*, confiding in his Wisdom and Goodness, to have all Things adjusted according to Reason and Honour; and whilst Accoutrements were thus preparing, the Person who was still unknown, at the Desire of the others, recited his Adventures to them as follows:

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
E X I L I U S.

M*Y* Name, (said he), is *Exilius*, and by my Speech I should be a *Roman*; tho' I never knew any other Place or Habitation

bitation, but a certain Rocky Island near *Sardinia*, where, in a Cave, my Father and I liv'd, or rather breath'd, for one cannot call such an Abode living. Some confus'd Notions remain still in my Mind of another kind of Being before we came thither, but I know not what nor where; nor was my Father ever willing to inform me, when Curiosity excited me to enquire. In this Island we were Lords and Servants, Prince and People, having no other Co-habitants for us either to command or to obey; the Sun and Stars were our unerring Clocks and Kalendars; our Thoughts and Actions, like our Food, admitted no Variety; our necessitated Temperance was our Physick, and we felt no Change of Weather in our Bones, till we saw it in the Skies; our Health made our Food and hard Lodging as grateful to us, as all the costly Feasts the noble *Romans* enjoy under their rich embroider'd Canopies; a good Conscience was our never-failing Opiate, to procure us sound Sleep; and if a Night-Crow or a Skreech-Owl thought fit to serenade us at our Couchée, it did not fright us into dismal Dreams, any more than roaring Winds or beating Billows could disturb the Tranquility of our waking Thoughts. Hope and Fear, the Companions of human Life, were to us mere Strangers, that if we saw

a Comet in the Sky, we dreaded not its Influence, nor did good Aspects make us hope for any Thing but what he had ; our Way of Living reconcil'd us to all the Contradictions of human Life, and took away the Fear of Death. Content was to us great Riches, and Poverty was our sure Guard ; we found Plenty in a very little, and satisfy'd our Ambition in the Contempt of sublunary Acquests. Thus we pass'd our Moments in a serene or rather insipid Tranquillity, each succeeding Day supplanted its Predecessor, without the least Adventure to render any more remarkable ; for we knew not what our Fellow-Creatures acted in the great World, excepting sometimes that we went to *Sardinia* to buy Provisions, having a little Boat of our own for that Use. Never would my Father be perswaded to leave this his belov'd Retreat, tho' I sometime solicited him with such Arguments as my Youth and Vanity inspir'd.

Having been one Day at *Sardinia*, we heard News of the great Preparation for the *Asian* Expedition, in which the young *Scipio* was constituted General. My Father perceiving in me a certain Inclination to practice in the Army some of those Precepts in which he had long instructed me, his dear Disciple, with much Goodness and paternal Affection told me, the

Time

Time was now come, in which Reason oblig'd him to use Violence to his Inclinations, in resolving to part with me, the only Happiness of his disconsolate Abode: But, said he, Heaven requires it, the Service of your Country calls for it, and, most of all, your own Merits lays a just Claim to it; and tho' your tender Affection towards me restrains your Words on that Subject, nevertheless your Eyes and every Action of your Life speaks, and I am bound to hear, and grant a Request so just and reasonable; then go, my Son, the Darling of my Soul, the Happiness of the poor Remnant of my Days, go, I say, serve thy Country, assist thy noble young General, and gain Glory to thyself; whilst I, thy poor doating Sire, in this my uncouth Solitude shall offer my perpetual Vows. These tender Words, mix'd with his Tears, in spite of all my Endcavours, forc'd a Passage for mine, that 'twas some Time before I could reply for Weeping; and with humble Thanks told him, that I should so carefully observe these excellent Instructions, which he had daily inculcated into me his much oblig'd Disciple, that I doubted not but to reap a very fertile Harvest of Glory, which I promis'd to bring Home to him, not only as the Proprietor, but the Cultivator of the Soil; and 'tis certain, had my Application answer'd

wer'd his Industry, I might have been a very accomplish'd Person; for there is not a greater Master in all Learning, Military and Civil, in all Exercises, both of Arts and Arms, than my Father. I perceiving that he was extreamly pleas'd at the Promise of my Return, repeated it to him again; adding, that no Diversity of Fortune should frustrate that Resolution, (if the Gods spar'd my Life) for if good, his Presence would make it double; if bad, his wise Conversation would diminish its Disagreements. This Assurance my Father received with all the Marks of Kindness possible, telling me, that my Love now equal'd that Duty that I had always shew'd to him, and both made him a most happy Father; that he valued this Favour from the Gods much before Riches, or Honours, or any other Blessing of human Life. Many of these endearing Discourses pass'd between us during the Time that my small Equipage was preparing. In fine, our Parting was very sorrowful; a thousand Caresses, mixt with Tears, attended that ungrateful Moment; innumerable Sighs and Blessings accompany'd my Departure, and his constant Prayers follow'd me in my Voyage.

I got to the Army but few Days before that great Battle, which was to decide the Fate of *Asia*. I think I had the good Fortune

tune to do some particular Service to the General: At these Words *Marcellus* in a great Surprize said, O good Gods, are you that signal Person, who so valiantly reliev'd our General, and thereby made Victory wait upon our *Roman* Eagles, who began to flag their Wings: O valiant Sir, (continued *Marcellus*, embracing him) you are not only in my Arms, but in my Heart, and in the Hearts of all honourable Commanders, and indeed of all noble *Romans*, who at this Time do, and for all future Ages shall, enjoy the Fruits of your Valour in that Day's Service. O! Sir, why were you so cruel to the noble General, and to us all, as to take your self from us, without giving us Opportunity to testify our Gratitude? How often have I heard the generous *Scipio* lament his Misfortune, in being depriv'd of you the Author of his Safety, before he had the Opportunity to render you Acknowledgments suitable to your Merits. Sir, reply'd *Exilius*, I knew the General's noble Nature would have heap'd greater Honours upon me, than my weak Merit was capable to support; and not only so, but I knew also his courteous affable Humour to be so engaging, that I durst not trust my self under the Temptation, having promis'd to return to my Father; therefore I chose rather to desert the most excellent *Scipio*,

when simply my General, than when become my Benefactor; and perhaps his Benefits adorn'd with his Friendship also, which would have been too many strong Links for me to have broke, especially being already infeebled by a great Inclination towards this illustrious Hero. These Considerations, Sir, (continued *Exilius*) made me secretly leave the Army, and return to my Father in his Rocky Island, whose Health and tender Caresses were to me all that Ambition could prompt a young Heart to hope for, or Glory make it to enjoy. He signaliz'd his Love in every Word, and when Joy overcharg'd his aged Heart, so as to make him dumb, his Tears spoke, and in a more eloquent Manner than Words, testify'd his Satisfaction. His Thanksgiving to the Gods were incessant, as had been his Supplications on my Behalf while absent. Here we pass'd our Days in the same Tranquillity as before, my Father in Devotion, and I in divers Sorts of Study; but chiefly Poetry was my darling Favourite. The Conversation of other Books were passant, as are the Entertainments of coquet Mistresses; but this, like a faithful Spouse, was my constant Companion; in her I enjoy'd the whole World, from the Shepherds peaceful Shades, to the Victor's triumphant Lawrels: In her I enjoy'd the Greatness
of

of the *Roman* Senators, and the Riches of the *Alexandrian* Merchants; the Power of Kings, and the Happiness of well-govern'd People; the Brightness of the Court-Lady, and the Innocence of the Country-Maid; the Consolation of a faithful Friend, and the Diversion of a pleasant Companion. By her I thought our rocky Island a terrestrial Paradise, there being nothing to disturb my Enjoyment of this my fantastick Spouse. I here walking one Evening on the Side of a Rock, admiring the extreme Calm of the Sea and Serenity of the Air, contrary to what it had been the Day before, and having been reading a *Greek* Poet, who compares Women to Winds, and Seas, and other Things turbulent and changeable, my Thoughts turn'd themselves into these Verses:

*Thrice happy are we Anchorites! who know
Not Fortune's Ebbs, nor when her Love will flow;
Nor yet the Storms that rage in Womens Breasts,
But here in Quiet build our Halcyon Nests,
Where no deceitful Calm our Faith beguiles,
No cruel Frowns, nor yet more cruel Smiles;
No rising Wave of Fate our Hopes advance,
Nor fear we fathomless Despair, or Chance:
Our steady Minds, like Rocks, their Firmness
prove.*

Defying both the Storms, of Fate and Love.

As I thus entertain'd my Thoughts, lifting up my Eyes, I saw at a Distance like a Fire on the Sea, and looking on it earnestly, I perceiv'd something floating from it, driven by the Motion of the Waves; wherefore I made out our little Boat, concluding it some Thing or Person that had escap'd the Fury of the Flames. Approaching near, I found it was a Woman fasten'd on a Piece of the Ship, whom I took up, as Charity oblig'd me, and brought Home, where my Father and I used our Endeavours to bring her to Life, which in a little Time prov'd effectual. We put her into my Bed, and I gave my Father the Trouble of a Bedfellow that Night, where I slept not at all; the Strangeness of the Adventure, and the Beauty of the Person, gave a pleasing Surprize to my whole Interiour, and put such a Guard on the Avenues of my Eyes, that Sleep could not enter, even when befriended by the Darkness of the Night, and the Silence of our rocky Cavern.

When Light, the busy Inspectrix of all our Actions, had exercis'd her prying Faculty into our Cave, I, being excited by Curiosity, drew near the Bed, where the weary Stranger lay in a profound Sleep, with her Arms carelessly cast over her Head; O Gods, how was my poor Heart charm'd, and all my Senses ravished at this pleasing

View!

View! I concluded that nothing human could be so divinely fair; no, no, (said I) it is some Goddess descended from Above, and by her seeming Distress tries how we would exercise our Charity towards our Fellow-Creatures on the like Occasion, therefore as such she ought to be ador'd. Then kneeling down, in soft Whispers I implor'd her Protection; a thousand extravagant Things I utter'd, as on my Knees I lay all trembling in a devout Extasy.

The clear Light shining into the Cave, awak'd my Father, which I no sooner perceiv'd, but I softly left my Station. He arose with as little Noise as possible, that he might not disturb her; however, he was scarce got ready when she awak'd, to whom he address'd with the usual Civilities of the Morning; after which he enquired of her Country, and the Cause of her Distress: To which she reply'd, that her Name was *Scipiana*, Daughter to *Publius Scipio*, who had been carried away by *Clodius*, and so was reduc'd to that Distress, by means of the Ship's being burnt. This Knowledge of her Quality augmented our Respect, and doubled our Desires of rendering her Service, of which my Father made all the Assurances possible, withal telling her, that no Opportunity should be omitted for her Return, either speedily in Person, or by sending Letters to her Father, that he

F 3

might

might give Order as he thought convenient. *Scipiana* giving my Father Thanks, told him she desir'd to return in Person with all possible speed, tho' I shall find little Satisfaction (continued she) in my native Country, since I can no more see nor enjoy that Delight of my Eyes and Treasure of my Heart, the noble *Asiaticus*, my belov'd Brother, of whom I am depriv'd by an unfortunate Death. O Gods! said *Marcellus*, interrupting her, is it certain then, that the brave, the generous *Scipio Asiaticus* is no more! Has the Tyrant Death depriv'd Mankind of that Ornament of our Being in general, and of our Country in particular? *Scipiana*, his Sister, affirm'd it, reply'd *Exilius*: At which *Marcellus* again interrupted him with Tears and Lamentations for his own and the publick Loss, in the Death of that incomparable Hero: Never could *Rome* boast of a more accomplish'd Worthy, (continued he) for he was in all Things exemplary; Learning and Wisdom, Valour and Virtue, he possess'd, with all their most bright Embellishments. *Asiaticus!* *Asiaticus!* my dear Friend! my noble General! unhappy that I am to live to hear this doleful News. I was honour'd in thy Friendship; I glory'd in being thine Associate in the War: I was proud of being thy Cotemporary. But, ah! my Friend, my Glory, Happiness,

Happiness, and Satisfaction, is all sunk with thee into thy Grave. O ye Gods, why have ye made Mankind of such a brittle Nature! or why have you made some so desirable and pleasing to all others, and then snatch them away from us, when our Affections are most firmly fix'd to their Merits, or when we stand most in Need of their Examples! O ye Divine Powers! if I durst, I would accuse your Providence; but ah! that would not restore me my *Asiaticus*, my Country's *Asiaticus*, nay, even the World's *Asiaticus*; with many other doleful Lamentations of this Kind, to that Degree, that the Company (tho' Strangers) could not forbear weeping also. After having paid this just Tribute to the Memory of his worthy Friend, he endeavour'd to refrain himself, and begg'd *Exilius* to proceed.

Exilius returning to this Discourse, said, Whilst my Father endeavour'd to console and assist *Scipiana*, I withdrew out of the Cave, as not being able to support the Sight of those Tears, each Drop of which was more painful than so much Blood pouring from my Heart; and taking the same little Walk on the Side of the Rock, where, the Evening before, I had entertain'd my Muse in praise of that dismal Abode, I here chid my Heart for the Crimes it had committed all its Life against

Love and Beauty. I told it, that such a Rebel deserv'd to wear less noble Chains than those Fortune had provided for it in the Person of *Scipiana*. Alas! said I, how ignorant was I last Night of true Happiness, to think it consisted in a dull Neglect, or Stoical Contempt of all Human Pleasures; or to imagine any true Felicity could be had without its true Author, Woman. With these kind of Thoughts I entertain'd my self, till the pregnant Fancy took Birth in the following Lines:

*Ah, beauteous Fair! to you we're bound to give
Our Thanks for all the Blessings we receive:
Ev'n that we're Men, the Chief of all our Boast,
Without your Sex, were a vast Blessing lost.
In vain would Man his mighty Patent show,
That Reason makes him Lord of all below;
If Woman did not moderate his Rule,
He'd be a Tyrant, or a softly Fool:
For e'er Love's Documents inform his Breast,
He's but a thoughtless kind of Household Beast.
Houses, alas! there no such Things wou'd be,
He'd live beneath the Umbrage of a Tree;
Or else usurp some Free-born Native's Cave,*
And so inhabit, whilst alive, a Grave;
Or o'er the World this lordly Brute would rove,
Were he not taught and civiliz'd by Love.*

'Tis

* The Den of some wild Beast.

'Tis Love and Beauty regulate our Souls ;
 No Rules so certain as in Cupid's Schools.
 Your Beauty teaches whatsoe'er is good,
 Else Good and Ill had scarce been understood ;
 What's eligible by your Smiles we know,
 And by your Frowns refuse what is not so.
 Thustherough draught of Man you have refin'd,
 And polish'd all the Passions of his Mind.
 His Cares you lessen, and his Joys augment,
 To both Extreams set the just Bounds, Content.
 In fine, 'tis You to Live its Relish give,
 Or 'twere insipid, nor worth while to live.
 Nay, more, were true Religion taught by you,
 'Twas not by Chancethat such Perfections grew ;
 No, no, it was th' Eternal Pow'rs which thus
 Chose to exhibit their bright Selves to us ;
 And, for an Antepast of future Bliss,
 Sent you, their Images, from Paradise.

I had scarce finish'd these Verses, when I
 saw *Scipiana* coming out of the Cave, like
 Lightning out of a Cloud, striking me, the
 poor Beholder, that I remain'd immove-
 able, 'till she, approaching, ask'd me di-
 vers Questions of the Place, and our Way
 of Living ; telling me it was Pity that such
 a Personage should live in such a Kind of
 savage Solitude, where I could no way be
 useful to the World, nor answer the End
 of my Creation. I have (said she) been
 perswading your Father to quit this un-

couth Way of Living, and make Mankind happy in his excellent Conversation ; and not only so, but reform the World by his vertuous Example. In this Discourse we were, when my Father, coming out of the Cave, commanded me to go to *Sardinia*, and there hire a Ship, with all Things necessary, to carry *Scipiana* into *Italy*, to her Father, according as she desir'd. This I perform'd with Speed and Success, in few Hours bringing with me a Vessel, and all Conveniencies for her Service ; and by my Father's Command, I was to wait upon her in her Voyage, which she was very unwilling to permit, as being loth to bereave my Father of his Company ; and therefore most earnestly invited Him along with me ; but he could not be prevail'd upon to leave his beloved Cell, which no doubt was to him a certain Heaven, where his devout Soul conversed daily with the Powers divine.

We sail'd with a prosperous Gale, which in a little Time wou'd have brought us on the *Italian* Shoar at *Cajeta*, where we intended to disembark, that Port being near the House of *Publius Scipio*, her noble Father ; but passing by the Coasts of *Sicily*, we were met by Pyrates, who being many and well arm'd, soon made themselves our Masters. They carried us into *Egypt*, where we were sold to a Merchant of

Alex-

Alexandria. Here *Scipiana* thought fit to conceal her Name and Quality, 'till she could find Means to inform her Father of her Condition, thereby to receive his Orders, and so direct her Measures accordingly. She call'd herself *Exilia*, by which Name you are to know her in my succeeding Discourse. She was pleas'd to honour me so far as to oblige me to call her Sister, pretending to be private Citizens of *Rome*, and had been at *Sardinia* on some Business, and were taken in our Return.

Our Master, who was one of the wealthiest Citizens of *Alexandria*, and of a generous genteel Inclination, observ'd in us something so agreeable, that he treated us more like Friends than Slaves; and finding *Scipiana* of an extraordinary Beauty, and all other Qualifications equivalent to that of her lovely Person, he made a Present of her to a certain Court Lady, his Friend, at once to oblige her, and to place *Scipiana* in a better State of Servitude. This Lady observing *Exilia's* Perfections, (which indeed were such as could not be hid,) put her into a very rich Dress, and on the Queen's Birth-Day made a Present of her to her Majesty. The Queen, who is in her Nature very gracious and affable, soon became acquainted with *Exilia's* Perfections; in particular, *Exilia* was Mistress of a very fine Voice, with which she frequently

couth Way of Living, and make Mankind happy in his excellent Conversation ; and not only so, but reform the World by his vertuous Example. In this Discourse we were, when my Father, coming out of the Cave, commanded me to go to *Sardinia*, and there hire a Ship, with all Things necessary, to carry *Scipiana* into *Italy*, to her Father, according as she desir'd. This I perform'd with Speed and Success, in few Hours bringing with me a Vessel, and all Conveniencies for her Service ; and by my Father's Command, I was to wait upon her in her Voyage, which she was very unwilling to permit, as being loth to bereave my Father of his Company ; and therefore most earnestly invited Him along with me ; but he could not be prevail'd upon to leave his beloved Cell, which no doubt was to him a certain Heaven, where his devout Soul conversed daily with the Powers divine.

We sail'd with a prosperous Gale, which in a little Time wou'd have brought us on the *Italian* Shoar at *Cajeta*, where we intended to disembark, that Port being near the House of *Publius Scipio*, her noble Father ; but passing by the Coasts of *Sicily*, we were met by Pyrates, who being many and well arm'd, soon made themselves our Masters. They carried us into *Egypt*, where we were sold to a Merchant of

Alex-

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quently diverted the Queen, who loved the *Italian* Airs, as well as their Language. *Exilia* being thus esteem'd by the Queen, her Majesty was graciously pleas'd to ask her about her Country and Kindred; which gave her an Opportunity to let her Majesty know of my being in Bondage with the Merchant my Master, representing me as her Brother; upon which her Majesty was pleased to order me to be brought into her Presence, and when she saw me, she told me, 'twas Pity a Person of my Stature should remain in Bondage, and therefore with much Goodness purchas'd my Freedom; and in Consideration that *Romans* are generally good Soldiers, made me to be placed in the Guards, 'till some proper Post might fall for my Advancement. In the mean Time, *Exilia's* Merits promoted her daily in the Queen's Favour, that in a little Time the Queen not only discharged her of Bondage, but placed her among the chief of her Retinue.

Thus was *Exilia* advanc'd in few Days from Slavery, to a Station of great Honour, where her Beauty and Virtue shin'd in their proper Sphere, rendering her the Object of every Bodies Esteem. Her Words and Actions were the Model by which the Ladies fashion'd their Discourse and Behaviour; her Beauty was the
Theme

Theme of the Gentlemens Admiration and Entertainment; her Piety edify'd the Devout and Aged, and her Wit charm'd the Gay and Young: her courteous affable Way made her belov'd by Inferiors, and her Prudence made her esteem'd by Equals and Superiours, and by none more than by her Majesty.

Thus I beheld her at a Distance, without Hopes of farther Happiness, too well knowing myself and her, to dare to name my Passion to her, telling myself that I ought to conceal it from my own Thoughts and Knowledge, if possible; but alas, the Flame was too violent to be extinguish'd, and all the Efforts of my Reason were little enough to suppress it so far as not to be perceiv'd by others. O *Scipiana*, *Scipiana*! said I to myself, thou who art Daughter to one of the Grandees of the Earth, as a Goddess fair, and as the Graces good; how dare a Wretch like me think on thee, but as a Thing most sacred? Yet, Wretch as I am, I must for ever think, and wish, and long, and love thee, though without Hope; for it is impossible for Gods or Fortune ever to render me worthy to own my Passion to thee, so great is the Disparity between us; for no Advancement on my Side can level our original Inequality. Then die, *Exilius*, for Shame die, let Despair kill thee, thou deservest
no

110 EXILIUS; or,

no less Punishment, for harbouring a Thought so arrogant, or rather impious, in daring to love one who ought only to be belov'd by a King or a Deity. Thus I pass'd my Moments in deadly Anxiety and Despair, which augmented by the Discovery I made of the King's Inclinations towards *Exilia*; for his Majesty, who never kept any Guard over his Eyes or Heart, but suffer'd them to range after every fresh Beauty, soon became sensible of *Exilia's* Charms; of which, as a quick-sighted Rival, I could not be ignorant, nor could have possibly supported, had I not been fortify'd by the Assurance of *Exilia's* Vertue.

One Day, the King going to see a new Ship, which lay in the Port of *Alexandria*, as he pass'd from that to view another of equal Greatness, which lay just by, his Foot slipp'd, so that he fell down between the two Ships: Whilst all look'd on without Hopes of recovering him, I, who had accusom'd myself to swimming, and in particular to diving, leap'd in, and caught hold of him, and brought him up, to the great Joy of all the By-standers. This Service the King accepted with greater Expressions of Gratitude than I expected, forasmuch as that therein I did but what my Duty obliged me to; for though I was not his Subject, yet he was my Master

and

The Banish'd ROMAN. III

and Benefactor ; and tho' he was my Rival, he was not mine Enemy, and above being my Competitor. A while after this, his Majesty being dissatisfy'd with one of the Captains of his Guard, *Piso* by Name, (of whom more hereafter,) he took away his Commission, and gave it to me ; which Honour was not only a Happiness to me in itself, but doubly so, in regard that it a little diminish'd the Inequality betwixt me and the bright *Scipiana*.

Now you must know, that the *Egyptians* are extremely jealous of the *Roman* Greatness, therefore cannot endure that we should bear any Office of Honour or Profit among them ; and this being a Charge of great Trust as well as Honour, caused perpetual Murmurings among the People, which was fomented by the disgraced Captain and his Friends, with all the subtil Insinuations possible ; as if the King meant to join with the *Romans*, to overthrow the Religion and Laws of the *Egyptians*. These Murmurings once infused into the Heads and Hearts of the People, fermented so 'till their Discontents broke out into an absolute Rebellion, which took its Beginning in the Country, some Miles distant from *Alexandria*. The Rebels were headed by *Piso*, the aforesaid disgraced Captain ; who making towards *Alexandria*, daily encreas'd their Body,
pre-

pretending, that all they did or intended, was for the Service of the Gods, and the Preservation of their Laws and Religion.

The King resolv'd to send the Prince *Philometer*, his Brother, against them, with what Force he could make, which was not great, having but few regular Troops, and those which were then rais'd, for want of understanding Discipline, were capable of doing but small Service; besides the Danger of their being already infected with rebellious Principles; and what was equally unhappy, the Prince *Philometer*, who was to lead these Troops, was very little belov'd, being counted in his Heart a *Jew*, which was the Religion on Earth the most hated by the *Egyptians*. These Things being consider'd, there was great Reason to doubt the Success, tho' otherwise *Philometer* was an excellent Prince, endow'd with great Wisdom and Courage, and much experienc'd in the War; a very just and pious Prince, a true Friend, and a kind loving Brother; the best of Masters to his Servants, and a faithful Subject to his King; but these and divers other excellent Qualities, could not counterpoize that Aversion the People had taken against his Religion, *to wit*, the *Jewish* Way of Worship. In fine, his Want of Fortune, or the Soldiers Want of Fidelity, I know not which, lost the Day, and the Army

was

was put to Flight, and he himself taken Prisoner.

This Success of the Rebels, as it afflicted all honest and honourable Hearts, so it rejoiced all wicked and rebellious Spirits; that as the Country was the Theatre of an open and actual Rebellion, so *Alexandria* was the Nursery where they got their Parts; for in all their Clubs and Cabals, Treason went down smoother than their Liquor, and black Contrivances were easier digested into Action, than their plentiful Suppers into Nourishment. Scandalous Libels, stuffed with Malice and awkward Wit, (fit to take raw young Readers,) were thrown into every Shop, thereby to make the Boys silly Hands ready to execute in the Day what their Masters more silly Heads contrived in the Night: The Priests prophane the Temples with false Explanations of the Oracles, and made the Gods the Authors of their Crimes, and pretend, that all their Sacrilege and Rebellion is for the Sake of the Gods. Thus they feed themselves with Iniquity, and cloathed themselves with Hypocrisy; they bubbled the Vulgar with Lies, and betray'd their Superiours with Perjury. One ridiculous Custom they have lately taken up, that on the Feast-Day of their God *Apis*, they make a solemn Procession, in Contempt of the *Jews*
and

and their Religion, making Figures of their chief Writers and Rabbins, and when they have carry'd them through the City with shouting and reviling Acclamations, they come to the Place prepared, and there burn them with loud Shouts and Huzzas; so, by these and the like Practices, they keep themselves in a continual Heat and Ferment against they know not who or what; for the *Jews* are so few, and so little formidable, that there is no Cause of Fear; but to be sure their Leaders direct their Malice against the King, perswading the People that he design'd to subvert the Government, and submit himself to the *Roman* Senate, which in them is the last Degree of Madness. Nevertheless, in this Condition was his Majesty in a Manner besieg'd in his own Palace, and subordinate to his Subjects; his Army ruin'd by the Rebels, his City mutinous, his Servants and Counsellors treacherous, that he knew not which Way to turn himself, nor on whom he could depend. However, he drew out another Army of such Forces as he could make; many of the Army being *Romans*, he made Officers over his new-rais'd Troops; and, in Consideration of the good Success which commonly attends the *Romans*, he was pleas'd to commit these Troops to my Conduct.

Now

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Now it was that I had a great Debate with myself, whether I should discover my Passion to *Scipiana*, before I went, or no; sometimes resolving on the positive, in Consideration of her Goodness, supposing she would now compassionate my Absence, especially going on so dangerous an Enterprize, or rather desperate, by Means of the little Hopes there were of the Fidelity of the Troops; this I thought would extort her Pity, and moderate that Anger I might justly fear from an Attempt so audacious. I thought, that if it should be my Fate to fall in this Service, one Tear shed on my Hearse, as on the Hearse of her Lover, would render me happy in Eternity. But then again, reflecting on her original Greatness, and my own Obscurity, I concluded, no Goodness could or ought to pardon such a Declaration, but that it would make my Memory her Aversion: Which Thought made me fix on the Negative, saying to myself,

*Oh! no, Exilius, thou must be content
With Friendship's Tears to deck thy Monument.
For 'tis a Crime thy Passion to relate,
Exposing thee to her just Scorn and Hate.*

Withal concluding, that if the Gods should unexpectedly favour me with Victory, my Love would then be a more reasonable

sonable Offering to her divine Perfections. Wherefore, at my Departure, I only behaved myself to her as a Friend and Brother, with which Title she had honour'd me, as before mention'd.

When I took my Leave of the Princess *Philometra*, the King's Niece, I was a little surprized at some sensible Expressions from her Highness. Pardon me (continued *Exilius*,) if I am too bold in the Interpretation of her Words and Looks. I know it to be a Fault our Sex is extreamly accus'd of, that we misinterpret the Words and Looks of Ladies, and so flatter ourselves into a vain Hope or Expectation of Favours never meant us; and when, in the Conclusion, we find ourselves balk'd, we as falsely accuse them of Inconstancy, as before we censur'd them of Kindness, for one is commonly the Consequent of the other; and when we build the airy Castle of fancy'd Favours, it is but just we fall into the Abyss of their Displeasure. How far I may seem guilty in your Opinions I know not; but the Princess, after divers Turns of Discourse, all tending to a particular Concern for me, at last presented to me a large Ruby, cut in Form of a flaming Heart, and commanded me to be careful of my Life for her Sake. This Jewel was a little Present made her by the Prince of *Lybia*, and, perhaps,

perhaps, was the Cause of that Discontent which made him leave the *Egyptian* Court, as you shall know hereafter.

I march'd the Army with all convenient Speed against the Rebels, who, flush'd with Success, were become dissolute and abandon'd to all manner of Crimes, and loose Living; Murder, Rapine, and Oppression, were frequently practis'd by them; and if the suffering Inhabitants complain'd to the Commanders, they found no Redress, the Soldiers being now as ready to rebel against their Officers, as before against their King; insomuch, that Justice could not be executed, for fear of a Mutiny or total Revolt, which is not strange; for where there is only a precarious and not a legal Authority, Commands are ill exhibited, and worse obey'd; for such a Kind of an usurp'd Power is, as it were, a Burlesque on Justice, and a Banter on Government, which serve rather to increase than to correct Crimes; for, a wild Vine cannot bring forth good Grapes, but certain Berries, to poison and intoxicate. I need not enlarge on the Madness of a Multitude, it being too well known; but as a Mob rampant is a most formidable Monster, so nothing is more serviceable than that Beast when couchant; to which State, by the Assistance of the Gods, I reduc'd the *Egyptian* Mob, (for an Army
of

118 EXILIUS; or,

of Rebels deserve no better Title.) I defeated their Force, deliver'd the Captive Prince, retook all their fortify'd Towns, and so utterly disperfed the Rebels, that I left no Marks of this Rebellion, but the executed Bodies of their Leaders, the chief of whom was the wicked *Piso*.

Thus I return'd to *Alexandria*, with as much Happiness as Victory could help me to, and received such Honours and Acknowledgments from the King, and the Prince *Philometer*, as anticipated Expectation, and nonplus'd even Ambition; all which Royal Favours I valued in a double Regard, as being most worthy and honourable in themselves, and supposing them fit Garlands to adorn the Offering of my Love, which I design'd to make to *Exilia* the first Opportunity. But, oh good Heavens! how were my Hopes blasted, when I heard that the King design'd to espouse her. The Queen, by her own earnest Desire, and the Consent of the Council, was to be divorc'd; for she being the King's own Sister, and a devout Woman, was never thoroughly content with that incestuous Marriage; and 'tis suppos'd also, that the King's Conscience upbraided him, especially when he was under those Apprehensions which were cast upon him by the late Rebellion, Afflictions from the Hand of Heaven, often making

making us look into ourselves, to find the original Cause, by which Means we detect and punish those Crimes and Follies which we had industriously conceal'd, or perhaps audaciously avow'd. And thus it was with this Royal Couple; the King and Queen of *Egypt*, touch'd in their Consciences, brought this Affair before the Great Council of the Nation, who declar'd the Marriage null, and his Majesty at Liberty to chuse where he pleas'd; who, after a little Deliberation (for Decency's sake,) declared *Exilia* to be the Object of his Choice; alledging, that her Brother had done him such Service in sustaining the falling Crown, that even such an Honour to the Sister, was not over-paying the Obligation. His Majesty alledg'd also, that he having many Princes and Nobles, whose Daughters had equal Right both in Birth and Beauty, he could not prefer one without displeasing the other; so he hoped they would all unite in the Election he had made of this beautiful Stranger; and indeed, this Reason took with the greatest Part of the Nobility. In fine, it was in this as in most Things of the World, every one was pleas'd or displeas'd, as they were carried by Interest, Fancy, or Caprice; it was only I that was the miserable Wretch exalted into Ruin. Distracted and afflicted as I was, I went
to

to *Exilia's* Apartment, where I found her just going to wait upon the Queen, who within a Day or two was to quit *Alexandria*, together with her Royal Dignity, and retire to a House prepared for her, far distant from the Town, and there to live as a Princess, the King's Sister. *Exilia* permitted me to wait on her to the Queen, where she cast herself at the Queen's Feet, and with all Earnestness, within the Bounds of Humility and Respect, begg'd her Majesty to believe the Protestation she came to make of her Innocence. The Gods are my Witnesse, (said she,) I was so far from contributing to this Affair on Foot, that I never knew the least of the King's Intention, neither against your Majesty, nor towards me; if I had, I should have thought myself bound in Duty to have used my poor Endeavours to have prevented its Progress e'er it came to this Pitch; for I am so thoroughly sensible of your Goodness towards me, that if my Life would restore you to the King's Favour, or secure your Royal Dignity, I would with Pleasure lay it down at your Feet this Moment. O Madam! testify that you believe the Sincerity of my Words, by using your Endeavours with the King, that I may at least attend you to your Retreat; perhaps his Majesty, in my Absence, may change his Sentiments,

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The Banish'd ROMAN. 121

ments, and think on some great Princess, worthy to be Partner in his Royal Dignity. O leave me not here, a poor abandon'd Stranger, to be this Country's Aversion, and the World's Censure, in being declar'd the Object of the King's Affections! The King, I know, is too good and gracious to espouse me by Force, and my Consent I cannot give, in Prejudice of you, my Royal Mistress and Benefactrix. Then embracing the Queen's Knees, with a Shower of Tears, she repeated her Supplication.

The Queen very graciously embraced *Exilia*, commanded her to dry her Tears, and cease her Apprehensions; for (said her Majesty,) I perfectly know your Innocence; and that you may have true Repose of Mind, be assured, that all this is the Will of Heaven, as I shall now inform you: So commanding us both to sit down, she related as follows.



THE
HISTORY
OF THE
QUEEN of EGYPT.

Related by EXILIUS.

I WAS very young, said the Queen, when I was marry'd to the King my Brother, of which our Laws allow, or at least connive at. Now, tho' my Brother's amiable Person, and tender Passion for me, render'd these Espousals very agreeable, yet I had a secret and inward Reluctancy in Consideration of our Proximity; and tho' I loved him more than a Brother, yet wish'd he had not been so. I lov'd him as my Husband, honour'd him as my King, tender'd him as my Lover; yet the Remembrance of his being my Brother, im-bitter'd all these. Whether this proceed-ed from that Veneration I had for the *Jewish* Law, or that it was the Law of Nature, I know not; but I durst not oppose the Marriage, lest I should be suspected of *Judaism*, (to which the Royal Family are suppos'd to be too much inclin'd;) for tho' the *Jews* marry in their own Families,

The Banish'd ROMAN. 123

milies, yet never such near Relations as Brother and Sister. After being marry'd some Years, and having no Child, I was more troubled in my Thoughts, and my Doubts increas'd, fearing the State in which I liv'd with my Brother, was not pleasing to the Gods; wherefore, on a solemn great Festival, I made my Devotions in the Temple of *Isis*, begging this Goddess of my Country to inspire me what to do, as also lifting up my Heart to the God of the *Jews*: The Night following I had a strange Vision; for methought I saw in my Sleep this Goddess appear, and thus advising me:

*Change thy Life: Thy Time improve:
Let not Marriage Vows with-hold Thee:
To a Roman yield thy Love:
Fear not th'Event; the Gods have told Thee.*

The Vision was so plain, and I remember'd it so perfectly, that I could not but think it more than a Dream, but knew not how to believe it divine Inspiration, because it seem'd to counsel a Crime; for one cannot think Divinity and Immorality consistent. However, I sent for the High-Priest of *Isis*, in whom I thought I might confide, he being my Nurse's Son, and, for her Sake, by me preferr'd to that great Dignity.

Now you must know that my Nurse was a natural Daughter to a Prince of the Blood Royal of the *Ptolemies*. She had been marry'd to one *Piso*, a Native of *Rome*; but having lived in my Father's Service from his Childhood, his Original was so forgot by the *Egyptians*, that he was not look'd on as a Stranger, nor malign'd as a *Roman*. My Father having Occasion to send him to *Rome*, on an Embassy, he took his Wife along with him, and had there his Son, the wicked *Piso*, Leader of the late Rebellion, who, tho' he was a *Roman* born, and the Son of a *Roman*, yet was never look'd on as such, being always in our Service: Unless, perhaps, his rebellious Inclinations wove himself a Veil, which hid his Original from the People's Notice. But to return: I secretly consulted the said High-Priest, who told me, that the Vision, without all Doubt, was literally to be interpreted, and that I ought to embrace a *Roman*, for the Good of my Country; that the Gods, who were just and good, preferr'd the greater to a lesser Advantage, a publick to a private Benefit; that we ought to follow their Example; and now, that the Welfare of *Egypt*, nay, perhaps, the very Being of its Laws and Constitutions, depended on this Action. I was bound to obey the Gods, who, in a Manner, had
given

given me a positive Command. But I insisted, that I thought it impossible that the Gods could authorize a Crime of any Kind, much less one so black as this, and of such dangerous Consequence. To which he reply'd, that nothing was good or bad, criminal or innocent in itself, but as the Powers divine had ordain'd; and when it pleased them to dispense with those their Ordinances, we their Creatures were bound to obey with all Submission. These, and many more Arguments of this Kind, he employ'd to evince his Assertion, which, I believe, is according to the Doctrine of that Religion, which is so far short of the Purity of that of the *Jews*, that there is no Place left for Comparison. The Consideration of which made me still more inclined to their Religion, of which (as aforesaid,) I was already too much suspected.

After the High-Priest was return'd to *Memphis*, the Place of his proper Abode, his Mother (my Nurse) fail'd not to mind me of what he had said, (she having been present at this Discourse,) always alledging the Will of the Gods, and the Good of *Egypt*; by which one sees how People are capable of being besotted, and fall into the worst of Ills, when once intoxicated with the Notion of some imaginary Good, especially their Country's Happiness, their

Laws and Religion: When once their Understandings are bubbled with that Fancy, what is't they will not do? For, I perswade myself, this poor Woman meant, in some Degree, the Good of her Country, and the securing its Rights, Privileges, and Properties, Laws, and Religion, which made her so often mind me of the Will of the Gods. But I, who was innocent, and my Intentions truly vertuous, did not penetrate the whole Drift of her Insinuations, notwithstanding many gross Hints, 'till at last, with humble Apologies, and earnest Protestations of Duty to the Gods, and the Royal Interest, she let me know that *Piso*, her unfortunate Son *Piso*, dy'd for me; with Showers of Tears, begging my Pardon on her Knees, and with her Tears mixing her Supplications, not to neglect the Will of Heaven; minding me also of *Piso's* being a *Roman*, and, on her Side, of the Blood Royal of the *Ptolomies*. Thus People often disguise their own Crimes, Follies, and Passions, dressing them as it were in Masquerade, and make them pass on Mankind for the Will of the Gods, and by this Means engage the World in the most criminal Undertakings. But I was too well acquainted with the Doctrine of the *Jews*, to be thus put upon, otherwise, perhaps, my Vertue might have stagger'd at these their plausible and
godly

godly Arguments ; to which add *Piso's* handsome Person and engaging Mien, together with the two most excellent Accomplishments of his Sex, Wisdom and Valour, which he possess'd most distinctly, one might truly say, he had the Head of *Ulysses*, and the Arms of *Achilles* ; if he had also the Heart of an honest Man, and a faithful Subject, he had been a compleat finish'd Worthy. But to return to what I was saying of his Mother : I charg'd her never to speak to me more of that Subject, on pain of my highest Displeasure, which she durst not disobey. But whilst her Tongue was silent, *Piso's* Eyes, and all his Gestures, spake ; they talk'd and supplicated on his Behalf ; his Looks declared his Thoughts, and his Eyes spake what his Lips conceal'd ; all which my Looks answer'd with Scorn and Reprimands. But I am now sensible that was not sufficient ; I ought to have punish'd him, his Mother, and his Brother the High-Priest, and so have nipp'd in the Bud their audacious Enterprize ; for where Persons of my Station slack the Reins of Justice, it is not strange that the Practices of the Wicked take Effect, and hurry us on to our Overthrow ; for 'tis certain, Rewards and Punishments, duly exhibited, are the very Nerves of Government : But in these, the King, as well as

G 4 myself,

myself, was to blame; for he heap'd Favours according to his Fancy, and I pardon'd Faults according to the Mildness of my Nature, not Judgment: And though these were Errors on the right Hand, yet still they were Errors which led us almost to our Ruin; for had I degraded and punish'd the High-Priest, for having misinterpreted the holy Oracles, I had broke the Cords of their fine-wove Intrigue, and stopp'd that Source of Mischief which has since flow'd with such Violence. The Truth is, I had sometimes Thoughts to let the King know the Affair; but then again, I consider'd that would endanger *Piso's* Life, at least I knew it would be his total Ruin; for *Piso* already began to totter in the King's Favour; his Majesty having remark'd how ready he was to take Part with those that were suspected of Mutiny; and when any were charged with seditious Words or Libels, *Piso* was always the Advocate to justify or excuse them to the King; and so, on all Accounts, the King's Enemies were *Piso's* Friends, that his Majesty had great Reason to suspect him, according to the common Remark, *If one will know a Man, observe what Company he keeps.* But tho' the King had Reason to suspect, yet he had no just Cause to punish, not knowing his Crime towards me; and on the other
Side,

Side, I was willing to forget, or not understand it; for since he lock'd up his Passion in Silence, I thought it was best to leave it so, without seeking the Key, or picking the Lock, by taking any Notice of it; moreover, I had a real Kindness for him, not only as a Person endow'd with many excellent Qualities, but as he was my Nurse's Son, and Play-fellow in my Childhood, for which Cause I had continually patroniz'd him, and rais'd him and his Brother to these Dignities; and on the same Consideration conceal'd this Folly, thinking it was only the Effect of Youth, which would pass with those Precautions I had taken.

In the mean Time, the Wretch used all sinister and indirect Means to make himself popular, and diminish the Peoples Affections towards the King. By his Industry, under-hand, and unperceiv'd, he found Means to remove the King's Friends out of all Places and Offices of Trust, rais'd the Peoples Clamour against the *Jews* and the *Romans*, 'till they were all removed; for they being Strangers, without Patron or Dependance, but on the immediate Favour of his Majesty, were not likely to comply with *Piso's* Interest, or any other, in Opposition to the King's: Among these were two *Jewish* Eunuchs, who belong'd to my Appartment, whose

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Fidelity

Fidelity *Piso* knew; and that, I believe, was one Cause that they and all the *Jews* were banish'd the Court under Pretence of their being dangerous Persons, and Enemies to the Royal Interest; whereas the Bottom of all was, *Piso* thought they were too just to be suborn'd to his Projects.

Piso having by his own Industry, and the King's Negligence, brought Things to this Pass, thought that now he need stick at nothing, and resolv'd to make his lewd Addresses to me: Wherefore he conspir'd with his Mother, that on a certain Night, when it should be her Turn to lodge in my Bedchamber, and the King in his own Apartment, that *Piso* should be hid in my Lodgings 'till all was quiet, and then to appear, having suborn'd my Eunuchs who waited in my Anti-chamber. But behold the Goodness of the Powers Divine!

There was an old *Jew*, of the Tribe of *Levi*, who liv'd always under the Protection of my Brother, the Prince *Philometer*, I suppose, not unknown to you, the good old *Shadrac* being known to every Body. This Man liv'd a most pious holy Life, up in a Turret in my Brother's Palace, where he rather dy'd daily than liv'd, his Life was so austere: This holy *Shadrac*, notwithstanding the strict Prohibition and Laws in Force against them all, came creeping to my Apartment, where I immediately

mediately received him into my Closet, as knowing he had something of Moment to say to me; so, in his Kind of Dialect he said, O Queen! the Snares of the Wicked are laid for thee this Night, therefore sleep not from thy Husband; for I am warn'd in a Dream because of thee; having said these Words, he went strait away. The wicked *Piso* at this Time was hid in a little Corridor which joined to my Closet, and hearing what this holy *Shadrac* said, knew he should be disappointed of his intended Treason that Night; so, with a Nimbleness suitable to his Fury, went out the back Way thro' the Corridor, and came round up the Great Stairs time enough to meet poor *Shadrac*, where he treated him with very opprobrious Words, for having broke the King's Orders, in coming to the Court, and, in particular, to the Queen's Apartment, after such strict Prohibition. The good *Shadrac*, tho' a very holy Person, yet not insensible, perhaps reply'd with a little Sharpness, that the King's Prohibition might with more Justice be apply'd to *Piso* than to *Shadrac*; for that he came by the Order of the God of his Fathers. These Words so transported the guilty *Piso*, that he beat and spurn'd the poor old Man with great Cruelty, bidding him, at every Blow, carry that to the *God of his Fathers*.

Now the King, as I told you before, wanted only a fair Occasion to be rid of *Piso*, so would not let slip this which offer'd; but for his Rashness in striking in the Court, took away all his Commissions, both as General and Captain of the Guard, and divested him of all Honour and Preferments, as well Civil as Military; for he possess'd many.

Piso being thus disgrac'd, went strait away to *Memphis*, to his Brother the High-Priest, to whom he related the Business in a very malicious Manner, saying, That the King had punish'd him for doing his Duty against a Criminal who broke his Commands; that the whole Royal Family were so bigotted to the *Jewish* Superstition, those ancient Enemies and Slaves to *Egypt*, that in a little Time the King would change and subvert the Laws and Customs of his Country, both Sacred and Civil, and make them submit to foreign Constitutions, unknown to them or their Ancestors. Thus he gained the High-Priest, and in him all the subordinate Clergy, who with pious Care sow'd the Seeds of Rebellion in the Hearts of the People, which brought forth a very plentiful Harvest. At the same Time *Piso* had left his Agents in the Court and City of *Alexandria*, to ferment that Part of *Egypt*, whilst he himself went into the Country, to set on Foot an
open

open Rebellion. You see (continu'd the Queen) how careful Kings ought to be to keep the Reins of Government in their own Hands, and not commit them to any *Phaeton*, to set the World in a Combustion; for thus it far'd with us: The King gave himself to Pleasure, and I myself to Devotion, both neglected what the Gods had committed to our Care, and so were punished according to our Demerits. It is a common and true Saying, that Kings and Queens see and hear with the Eyes of others; and 'tis as true, that if they do not endeavour to see and hear with their own also, there will be but a blind Administration of Government; for the depending on others, is giving away the Sceptre, and making the Crown precarious. This we experienc'd, tho' too late, in the Practice of *Piso* and his Adherents; for you know to what a State we were reduced by this Man's Treachery, when the ancient Monarchy of *Egypt* was ready to tumble into Anarchy, and the Royal Family of the *Ptolemies* into Oblivion, by which Means the People must have been miserably crush'd in the Overthrow of their Laws and Constitutions, and, poor Creatures, were led-head-long by their pretended Patriots, who industriously infused Notions suitable to their own Ambition and Revenge; the Truth is, I believe

Piso's

Piso's Rebellion proceeded from the latter, he being doubly enraged, first, by the Disappointment of his lewd Intentions towards me; secondly, at his Disgrace from the Hands of the King. These were the Bases on which he built the Structure of his Rebellion, tho' he daubed them over so, as to make the People believe it was their Laws and Religion he took in Hand to protect, of which he knew the People to be so jealous in their Nature, that they are ready to deify the worst of Men, that will but make themselves their Patriots, like the Sheep in the Fable, who chose the Wolf for their Guardian; tho' at the same Time that they make such a Bustle about their Religion, no People on Earth practise so little. Things being come to such Extremity, that we despair'd of all Help, but immediately from the Hand of Heaven, made us address ourselves more directly to the Divine Assistance; wherefore, I resolved to consult the holy *Shadrac*, who, I had great Reason to believe, was endow'd with Divine Inspiration: So, in the first Place, I ask'd him what he meant by those Words, *That the Snares of the Wicked were laid for me that Night*, &c. He told me, that *Piso's* Mother had intended to admit her Son into my Lodging that Night: Wherefore, I examin'd her in the Presence of *Shadrac*, promising to pardon her

her if she told me the Truth. She, poor old Woman, immediately confess'd the whole Matter, alledging, for her Excuse, that it was the Effect of her mistaken Zeal, believing it to be the Will of the Gods, according to the Interpretation of her Son the High-Priest.

Now the holy *Shadrac* having, by his Spirit of Prophecy, frustrated this Conspiracy, I thought it reasonable to apply myself to his Interpretation of that Dream I had after my Sacrifice to the Goddess *Isis*. Wonder not said the Queen, (interrupting herself) that we take such Notice of our Dreams, it has always been the Custom of our Country, especially those which happen to People of great Rank and Authority, and chiefly on certain Days of Devotion. 'Tis true, some gay and youthful Heads lay all that aside, as fabulous and superstitious; but while they pretend to avoid Superstition, they fall into Prophaneness and Irreligion; for, in my Opinion, Dreams, with their Interpretations, very much evince the Existence of a Divinity, or immortal Being. Which Way it is, I know not, but I told my Dream to *Shadrac*, who gave me a quite different Interpretation from that of the High-Priest.

He told me, that the Words, *Change thy Life*, was to change it from a vertuous
to

to a holy Life. By *Thy Time improve*, was meant, that I must improve my Time in the Service of the true God, and not to be with-holden by Marriage-Vows, which were incestuous and displeasing to Heaven. *To a Roman yield thy Love*, signify'd that I must yield the King to a *Roman*, he being my Love, my Joy, and Satisfaction; all which should have a good Event, as being foretold by the Powers Divine. This Interpretation seem'd so just, reasonable, and consonant to Vertue, that I told the whole Affair to the King; and at the same Time engag'd him, together with my self, to make a Promise to the Gods, (that if we had Success in the Troops we committed to *Exilius*) to obey this Revelation, and that his Majesty should take what fair *Roman* he lik'd best, whilst I retir'd to *improve my Time* in a holy Way of Living; where I resolv'd to examine throughly the Doctrine of the *Jews*, and, if possible, find out whether or no those Wonders were true, which they pretend were done in this our Country by their great Legislator. And now you see, *Exilia*, (continued the Queen) that this my Retirement is the Will of Heaven, and my own seeking; therefore, make no Scruple to accept of those Honours offer'd thee by his Majesty.

Exilia

Exilia, with profound Respect, return'd her Majesty infinite Thanks, saying, That she knew herself bound in Duty to obey her Majesty in all Things; but (said she) the Consideration of your Majesty's Honour, and the Interest of the Royal Family, (which every Body ought to prefer to their own) makes my Affections revolt against my Duty, in opposing your Majesty's Sentiments. Madam, since the Gods did not point me out in particular, I hope your Majesty will not be displeas'd, if I put you in mind, that there are several *Romans* in *Egypt*, whose Birth as well as Beauty, in some Degree, qualifies them for such Espousals. In particular, the bright *Fabiell*, who, being born at *Rome*, is in Strictness a *Roman*, and her Mother the Daughter of *Fabius*, an ancient *Roman* Family. 'Tis true, reply'd the Queen, *Fabiell* is of a noble Descent; I know the *Fabii* at *Rome* are truly great and honourable, and her Father one of the Grandees of *Egypt*, descended from the Royal Race of the *Ptolomies*: Her Person no less bright than her illustrious Birth, and her Vertue perfect; for when she perceiv'd the King to cast some amorous Looks on her, she begg'd her Mother to remove her from Court, far distant, to their Castle in the Country; since which his Majesty has transferr'd his tender Thoughts on you,
with

with which I am perfectly well satisfied; therefore do not resist your own Happiness. So, embracing *Exilia* most tenderly, wished her much Felicity in that Royal Dignity prepared for her by the Powers above. The Queen, rising up, obliged *Exilia* to take her Leave, which she did, with her Eyes swelled with Tears, and her Heart over-charged with Grief, for being separated from the Queen, whom she loved most unfeignedly.

Exilia being returned to her Apartment, took me with her into her Closet, where, commanding me to seat my self by her, she endeavoured to dry her Tears, and then desired my Counsel; for (said she) these Transactions at Court to me are very disagreeable; I hoped to have been rescued by the Queen's Interest or Authority; but you see her Majesty has been the chief Instrument of this my glorious Undoing. I call it so, because it is so far distant from my Inclinations; for, both by Nature and Education, I love Solitude and Retirement. The Muses and the Rural Deities were ever the Objects of my Devotion, and a Country Life my temporal Satisfaction. A Castle of my own, situated in a serene Air and a benign Soil, faithful Servants, and kind Neighbours, being the utmost Bounds of my Ambition; which makes it evident, the Gods have not cast my Soul

in

in a Mould fit for this Royal Dignity which courts me; for I look on Persons of that Rank but as Slaves to the Publick, chained to the Oar of Ceremony, to tug through Storms of Censure and Clamour. They are watched by the Eyes of Envy, and over-heard by the Ears of Malice. Behind their Backs they are scourged by the Tongues of Spite, and to their Faces flattered 'till they know not themselves, much less others. They are courted by Multitudes, and loved by few; their Defects expos'd, and their Vertues conceal'd or traduced; their Rest is broke with Cares, and their Food imbittered with a thousand Apprehensions; for their Table is surrounded with Sycophants, and their Bed with Traitors. Spies enter their Closets, and Hypocrites wait on their Devotions. Being thus surrounded, where can they find the least Peep-hole to spy out Happiness; for what is all their Pomp and Parade, but glittering Ornaments, to deck them as Sacrifices to the Service of the State. These Considerations, and a thousand more such, makes this Station appear to me but as a shining Pageant, which draws the Eyes of Spectators, but loads the Shoulders of those that bear it; therefore my weak Merit is very unfit to support such a Weight. So, I hope I am in the right, in being desirous to leave it to those

those to whom the Gods have given a Soul tun'd and set to such a Key, as can either find or make Musick in this Kind of Noise, which to me is so inharmonious and discordant; amongst whom I know none more truly qualified than my Cousin *Fabiell*. Her great Soul makes her love to be in a Station of Grandeur, where she may be supplicated and sought after, and thinks it God-like to be able to make and unmake, to set up and cast down, and with her Word or Look to alarm or appease Mankind. Besides, I know she has a secret Inclination for the King; but withal she is so truly vertuous, that she no sooner perceived the King's Passion for her, but she gained her Mother to leave the Court; as not daring to trust her Honour between two such Assailants, as the King's Courtship and her own Inclinations. I wish our Sex would use these Precautions frequently, and not trust their selves with themselves, there would not be so many Shipwrecks of Honour. Now *Fabiell* having made me the Confident of these her Thoughts, I should do most unjustly and ungenerously to supplant her in her Absence, especially knowing her to be my Relation by Marriage; for she is Niece to the same Noble *Fabius* who married my Aunt; and as I should do unworthily by her, so I should act undutifully towards my

my Father, he having promised me to my Cousin the young and vertuous *Fabius* Son to the said Noble *Roman*. Now, tho' *Fabiell* made me her Confident, I did not do the same by her, nor let her know I was her Kinswoman; which in the End would make this Transaction appear to her the more unworthy, as if it were a Treason long contrived.

Now, *Exilius*, consider my Duty to my Father, my Friendship to *Fabiell*, my own innate Aversion to Grandeur, and then, as a Friend, give me your Counsel. Madam, (replied I) had your Ladyship added one Consideration more, I could easily have given my Counsel; had you added, that the poor *Exilius* dies for you; that he has adored you since the first Moment he beheld your Beauties; *Exilius*, the unfortunate *Exilius*, that has most respectfully concealed his Flame, lest it should offend you; had you said, the Consideration of his Sufferings were some Concern to you, then, Madam, I could readily counsel you; I could say, Love *Exilius*, or, at least, do not hate *Exilius*, the unfortunate Slave, whose Life and Happiness depend on your Looks. Then casting my self at her Feet, begg'd her at least to pardon this Declaration of my Love, which I should still have concealed, if her Commands had not in-a manner extorted it from

from me. To all which she answered with a confused Voice, Your Words, *Exilius*, surprize and confound me, and are an Addition to my Sorrows ; therefore, seeing you can neither counsel nor assist me, pray leave me ; leave, leave this most unhappy and confused of all Creatures : At which Words, with Tears in my Eyes, I took the Liberty to kiss her Hand, and, in Obedience to her Command, departed.

I pass'd this Night in divers Thoughts and Agitations of Mind, having a secret Satisfaction that she had received the Declaration of my Love so calmly ; that Thought more than counterpois'd all that I had to fear from my potent Rival. Thus we suffer our selves to be blown and tossed by our Passions, without casting Anchor on the Coast of sound Judgment, or steering to the Harbour of right Reason ; for when I made a serious Reflection on this Passage, I found how I had over-shot my self, in thus declaring my Passion to her, fearing that her nice Vertue would not let her consent to steal away with me into *Italy*, after this Overture ; yet that was the only Card I had to play in this Juncture, and the Method we had partly resolved on some Time before. These, and a thousand Things of this Kind, agitated my Thoughts that Night.

Next

The Banish'd ROMAN. 143

Next Morning I went to her Apartment, where I had free Access as a Friend and Brother. I found her in the same Closet where I had left her the Night before ; and, falling on my Knees, begged her to accept those Adorations I came to pay her, as my Divinity, from whom I expected Protection the succeeding Day, and all the Days of my Life. Do not persecute me, said she, with your profane Complements, nor attribute any Divinity to me, a miserable Mortal, the most unhappy of my Sex. Rise, rise, *Exilius*, (continued she, with Tears in her Eyes) and reserve your Adorations for the Princess *Philometra*. The Princess *Philometra's* Beauty (replied I) is of Power sufficient to command all who have not seen *Exilia* ; but in him who has not only seen but sacrificed his Heart to you, it would be a Sacrilege unpardonable ; therefore, Madam, you must permit me to adore, sigh, and languish at your Feet, the rest of my Days, whether few or many, happy or miserable, belongs only to you to determine. Many Things more of this Kind she permitted me to utter, making very little Answer but Sighs and Tears, which gave me Occasion to hope that I was not altogether indifferent to her ; insomuch that I let slip no Opportunity of asserting my Passion, which was not hard to be found ;
for,

for, after the Queen's Departure, the King kept himself retired, partly out of Affection to the Queen, whom he truly lov'd, and partly Decency.

Now it was that the King of *Lybia* declared War against the King of *Egypt*, pretending, because the King of *Egypt* did not assist him with Forces against his powerful Enemy, the Queen of *Numidia*; whereas, in Reality, he could not, by Reason of the Rebellion which employ'd him at that Time; and therefore this could be only a Pretence. But the true Cause was suppos'd to be some Distaste the Prince of *Lybia* had taken in the *Egyptian* Court; for he came there to prosecute the Marriage propos'd between him and the Princess *Philometra*, hoping by that Means to be one Day King of that rich and fertile Country, she being the presumptive Heiress of that Crown. But whether the Divorce of the Queen, or whether he perceived any kind Sentiments in the Princess towards me, or what Reason else moved him, we could not tell; but he had left the *Egyptian* Court both secretly and suddenly, as before mention'd. And now the War being ended between *Lybia* and *Numidia*, tho' much to the Disadvantage of the *Lybians*, nevertheless, the King muster'd his shatter'd Forces, rais'd new ones, and came against *Egypt*, hoping (no doubt) for a Party amongst the discontented *Egyptians*.
These

The Banish'd ROMAN. 145

These, and some other Affairs, held the King late in Council, where his Majesty was pleased to declare me General of the Army a second Time, with unanimous Approbation of the Council; moreover, he let me know secretly, that if I conquer'd *Lybia*, he would give me the Princess *Philometra* in Recompence. For which I was obliged to thank him with profound Respect, tho' I never intended to accept the Favour, but knew my Ruin depended on the Refusal.

Behold in this the different Changes of Human Life, yet all conspire to the same Event, to wit, my Undoing; for it was t'other Day I thought Poverty and low Rank the only Obstacles to my Happiness; and now, quite contrary, *Midas* like, I was ready to perish in the Midst of Riches and Royal Favours; for *Exilia* being the Object and End of my Desires, it was the same Thing to me whether my Way to her was obstructed by a Dunghil or a Dignity; perhaps the latter more difficult to be removed or surmounted than the other. On which Caprice of Fortune, if one duly reflect, Reason would oblige us to wish for nothing but the Will of the Gods to be accomplish'd. But to return:

The Council being broke up, I hasted into the City, where I was invited, with *Exilia*, to the rich Merchant, our former

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Master;

Master; but the Council sitting late, (as I told you) *Exilia* went without me, and as she came back, her Chariot was furrounded by the City Mob, saying, they would pull that *Roman* Coquet in Pieces, who was the Cause of all their Discontents, the Divorce of the Queen, and the War that threaten'd them from *Lybia*. In this State was this innocent Lady when I arriv'd to her Rescue, which I perform'd by killing the foremost of that headless Rabble, my Servants courageously assisting me 'till they were all dispers'd; for a Mob is but like a great Number of wild Asses, who bray and make a hideous Noise, but able to act nothing in their own Defence. After this, I mounted the Chariot with *Exilia*, whose Acknowledgments transcended the Merit of the Service. I excus'd myself for not having accompany'd her thither, telling her the Reasons, and what had pass'd in the Council that Evening, and how the King had promis'd me the Princess *Philometra*, which (said I) is an Honour I cannot accept, being already devoted to the divine *Exilia*. Refuse not then, Madam, this your faithful Adorer, though unworthy the Honour to which he pretends. That Person cannot be thought below the highest of Honours, (reply'd *Exilia*,) on whom the King of *Egypt* thinks fit to bestow his Niece, the presumptive Heiress of his Crown:

The Banish'd ROMAN. 147

Crown : But in particular I am obliged to think him most worthy, to whom I am twice indebted for my Life; who, for my Sake, overlooks all Glory, and the greatest Advancement with which Fortune can gratify her most ambitious Favourites. And since you have made me more than Competitor with Grandeur itself, it were an unpardonable Injustice to suspend your Hopes. Then giving me her Hand, she said, Take your *Exilia*, for to you I belong by Right of Redemption, and yours I will be for ever, if my Father and the Senate refuse not their Consent. How much I was transported at this Promise none can imagine, that has not lov'd like me. I was all Extasy and Rapture, the Joys I then felt can neither be express'd nor imagined. Thus ravish'd out of myself into a Heaven of Happiness, I pass'd the rest of the silent Night in a continual Meditation, and thinking on that dear Moment in which she had given me her Hand, that Pledge of unspeakable Happiness.

Next Morning the King sent for me, to applaud my good Fortune in the Rescue of *Exilia*, ordering her a Guard for the Security of her Person, and gave me a Present of very rich Jewels to carry to her, commanding me to intercede for him, and make her dry those Tears which his Majesty heard she daily shed for the Queen's Ab-

sence; as also to endeavour to soften that *Roman* Haughtiness which presided in her Heart, and make it flexible to his amorous Proposals. This was an Embassy more difficult, than if his Majesty had sent me to the *Roman* Senate, to perswade them to crown him King in the Capitol; well knowing, that I must either betray my Trust or my own Happiness, or rather my Life; for my Love and Life were now inseparable. However, I deliver'd the Present, and perswaded her to receive it, which otherwise she would not have done; but I told her, it would be Wisdom to keep calm the King's Thoughts, 'till such Time as we could steal away; which we had resolv'd on the first Opportunity, tho' we foresaw great Difficulty in the Enterprize, by means of the Guard given to *Exilia*. Nevertheless, she always told me, she reserv'd her Duty to her Father, that if he gave not his Consent at our Arrival, I must pretend no farther.

Now this our Love, tho' unsuspected by all the World, (whom Unconcern kept in a constant Slumber,) yet was not long undiscover'd by the piercing Eyes of a vigilant Rival: For those cold Returns the Princess *Philometra* found to all her little Advances, made her penetrate the Cause, the Cloak of Respect to her Royal Person being of too thin a Texture to cover this
my

my Indifferency. These her Thoughts, either out of Duty or Malice, she discover'd to the King, telling him withal, if he would go privately to such a Place in the Garden, (where she knew we were,) there perhaps he might unravel the fine-wove Intrigue, and make himself Master of the whole Secret.

Now, the better to make you understand the Place where we were accidentally retired, give me Leave a little to digress into the Description of this Garden, which is certainly the finest in the Universe, and no less sumptuous also is the Palace, which would be too tedious to describe.

One descends by eight or ten Steps into the Garden, which is very large; at each Corner whereof stands a stately Pyramid, marvellous to behold, and on their Bases is carv'd the chief and most remarkable Glories of *Egypt*. At each Side of the Garden is a long cover'd Walk or Arbor, which reaches from Pyramid to Pyramid; these Walks are cover'd over with a certain Plant, whose Leaves are red, and shining like Sattin. On each Side of these cover'd Alleys are open Walks of Orange, Lemon, and Palm-Trees, and fine Seats and Statues plac'd at proper Distances, serving both for Use and Ornament. Thus are the outside Walks compos'd: Next these are six distinct Separations, three on

H 3

a Side,

a Side, fenc'd in with gilt Balasters of fine wrought Iron. The first is a Garden of all Kinds of Flowers that can gratify the Sight or Smell, the most Part of which are planted in Pots, that they may be removed, and others put in their Places, according to their respective Seasons; which Pots are all of such fine Earth or Stone, that they are an Embellishment to the Flowers they contain. In the Midst of this little Garden is the Statue of the Goddess *Flora*, seeming to give her Benediction, having a large Nosegay in her Hand, from whence spouts forth small Streams of Water, as if she meant therewith to bedew the whole Garden. At the four Corners stand the four Seasons of the Year, with their respective Emblems; and here and there young Nymphs seeming to make Nosegays, and Chaplets of Flowers, all of fine white Marble. Opposite to this, on the other Side of the Garden, is a Collection of Medicinal Plants, in every Thing conformable to the other, the same Number of Pots, and placed in the same Order and Method. In the Middle is the Figure of the God *Apollo*, with a Table before him, seeming to teach the Use of those Herbs to the World; and at a Distance before him is *Daphne*, half metamorphos'd, and on the Table this Distich inscrib'd:

Unhappy

*Unhappy God, who can no Simple find
To cure the Fever of his Love-sick Mind.*

At the Corners were placed *Four* Statues,
of the principal Fathers of the Medicinal
Art,

I. ÆSCULAPIUS,	III. HYGEIA.
II. CHIRON,	IV. HECATE.

The *Three* First being the Figures of those
who taught the good and sanative Use of
Plants; the last taught their poisonous,
baneful, and diabolick Qualities.

The third of these Enclosures is a Grove
of Myrtles, Roses, and Eglantines. In
the midst is *Venus*, crowning her *Adonis*
with Flowers; at one Corner she is play-
ing with *Cupid*, in another, drawn in her
Chariot with Doves, and divers other Re-
presentations of her Power and Folly.

Opposite to this, in the same Form and
Figure, is another Grove of Aromatick
Spices, and sweet smelling Gums. In the
midst is a *Cupid*, as if laughing at his
Victories; for in divers Parts of this Grove
are placed the Figures of his most renown'd
Conquests, among which none is more ri-
diculous than *Hercules* spinning.

The fifth is a Maze of Water-Works,
which runs in such wond'rous Turnings,
by Channels of fine Marble, so intricate,

that unless you know the Manner to direct your Steps, it is impossible to get in or out. In the midst is a Fountain of *Diana*, where she, with her Nymphs about her, seem to bathe themselves Breast high; and at divers Turnings, at proper Distances, were placed Water-Nymphs, and River-Gods, of very fine Sculpture.

Opposite to this is a Wood-Maze, of a short, green, bushy Plant, something like Rosemary. In the midst is the God *Pan*, seeming to play on his Pipe, and a Ring of Shepherds and Shepherdesses in a dancing Posture round him. At divers Turnings are Satyrs, Wood-Nymphs, and the like, all of most exquisite Workmanship.

These two Mazes are compos'd of the two Royal Cyphers, which contain the two Royal Names of *Egypt*, one *Pharaoh*, and the other *Ptolemy*. These are the Six Enclosures, three on one Side, and three on the other, of this great Garden.

In the midst is a Wood, or Grove, which represents *Troy Town*. The Hedges which encompass this Grove are so high, even, and thick, that they may truly be call'd what they represent, *to wit*, the Walls of *Troy*; and not only so, but they have Towers, Ballasters, and Battlements on them, cut out of the Green, admirable to behold. Round these Hedges, or green Walls, are divers Statues of the most

most renown'd *Greeks* and *Trojans*; one of white Marble, the other of polish'd Brass; here an *Achilles*, there an *Hector*; here an *Ajax*, there an *Aeneas*; so that one sees the History of that renown'd Siege in Sculpture and cast Statues.

Within these green Walls are Walks representing Streets, and little Arbors instead of Houses; and here and there, in proper Uniformity, are larger and higher Arbours, representing the Palaces of the *Trojan* Princes. In the Midst is King *Priam's* Palace, more large, and better adorn'd than all the rest.

It was in one of these Arbors of *Troy* Town that *Exilia* and I happen'd to meet, our disconsolate Circumstances having, it seems, the like Effect on us both, which conducted us into this Solitude. Now it was, that the Forces were ready to march against *Lybia*, which made me tell her I was driven to the last Exigence, not finding it possible to go without her, or stay with her; therefore begg'd her to instruct me how to extricate myself and her out of these Difficulties in which we were involv'd. Go, (said she) conquer *Lybia*, receive your just Reward, the Princess *Philometra*, the Heiress of the *Egyptian* Crown, and, in her Right, become in Time a happy King. That I cannot be (reply'd I,) unless *Exilia* be my Queen. I will go conquer

quer *Lybia*, and set the Crown upon *Exilia's* Head; but that, alas, is too little for her Merit; I will— At these Words, the King, entering the Arbour, said, Yes, it is too little for *Exilia's* Merits, but too great for a Traitor; and so calling a Guard, I was immediately hurry'd away to Prison, where I remain'd many Days, as absolutely ignorant of what pass'd in Court or Camp, as poor Mortals are of what is transacted amongst the Celestial Inhabitants.

Here it was I had sufficient Occasion to exercise my passive Courage, and become a miserable Pattern of Patience. Here it was I stood in need of more Philosophy than I really possess'd, wherewith to bubble my Fancy, and cheat my Understanding, with that wild Notion, that a virtuous Man can never be unhappy, because he bears his Happiness in himself. I endeavour'd to apply that Stoical Receipt, but found it very fallible. I frequently ask'd myself why I could not be as happy in that Restraint, as formerly in the voluntary Prison with my Father; but the Answer was obvious, That ones own Will and Choice renders a Dungeon a Palace; and, on the contrary, a Heaven would be no longer so without *Exilia*. Thus I pass'd my tedious Hours, 'till one Day, the Captain of the Guard, who succeeded me,
being

being a *Roman*, came to visit me, and made me divers Compliments and Assurances of his Desire to serve me; adding, that it was a great Affliction to him to see me ruin my Fortune, and perhaps lose my Life for one who deserved it not. Ah me! (reply'd I) she deserves more than I can make manifest: One may as well say the heavenly Bodies shine not, or Fire warms not, or any Thing in Nature has not its proper Qualities, as to say she deserves not. Ah! *Exilia*, I know her virtuous Inclinations for me; I remember the Promise she made me; I am sensible of what she suffers for me; but no Sufferings, nor Death itself, is capable to alienate her Affections from one single Moment, though never so long absent; for our Love is all Soul, and needs not the Supplement of Conversation to keep it alive; its Being is pure and immortal, as those Gods that infused it into our Hearts, and shall survive all Opposition. Alas! reply'd the Captain, I am sorry to find your Wisdom so imposed upon; but when once Passion blinds us, Passion misguides us, Passion overthrows us, Passion destroys us, and no Passion so strong and so deceitful as that of Love; Love rocks our Reason into a Lethargy, and then does what it pleases with the rest of our Interior; it fools the wise Man, and infeebls the

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strong;

strong; it makes the Philosopher become a Fop, and the Divine a Madman; the soft Courtier becomes fierce, and the Warrior effeminate; it makes the Poor cease to earn their Bread, and the rich Usurer squander his hard gotten Wealth; it makes the best Friends become mortal Enemies, and one's Benefactor become one's Adversary. All these, and thousands of other Ills attend this unfortunate Passion; and after all, be recompens'd with Scorn or Falshood: The Truth of which, your Experience, or this Letter, may evince; withal giving me a Letter from *Exilia*, containing these Words:

EXILIUS,

I Hope you have made so true a Use of your Misfortunes, as to consider your own Safety, and my Advantage; and consequently resolve to act in Regard of both, as becomes a rational Creature, and one that professes the Fear of the Gods; for the unkind Treatment which our Love has found from the Hand of Heaven, is a Demonstration that it is not agreeable to their Wills, to which we ought to submit with an entire Resignation. Wherefore, I beg you to believe that my accepting the Royal Dignity, so generously and earnestly offer'd, is an Act of Obedience to the Gods, and of Friendship to you, in putting myself in a Condition to re-
store

store you to the King's Favour as firmly as ever; then testify your Prudence and Piety, in a ready Compliance with your own Interest, and the Will of Heaven, as also with the Desire of your Friend,

EXILIA.

It's impossible to express, said *Exilius*, what Agitation of Mind the Sight of this Letter gave me; I knew the Character too well to doubt it to be her Writing; I knew the Stile too perfectly to think it not of her own composing; the two Topics on which the Letter was founded, (Reason and the Will of Heaven,) too clearly represented the Image of her Mind to leave any Room for Doubt. Moreover, Reason told me she was in the Right; Friendship, or, indeed, Humanity itself, bid me comply with her Demand, it being so much her Advantage. Duty and Gratitude required a ready Submission to the King, who was not only my Master and Benefactor, but graciously left it to me to make a Merit of Necessity; for such it was, his Majesty having us both in his Power. These Thoughts, like soft Musick, seem'd to hush my Grievs for a Moment; but then again, Love and *Exilia's* Promise, like violent Thunder, awak'd all my Sorrows, and made me feel a thousand Torments, that I accused the fair perjur'd
Sor-

Sorcerers in all the violent Words that Rage could dictate. A thousand Maledictions I vented against the Sex; I curs'd myself, and the Hour of my Birth, the Gods, and my own hard Fortune; threw myself on the Floor, tore my Hair and Cloaths, suffer'd an Extremity of Pain in Body as well as Mind, endeavour'd to tear out my Eyes, the Inlets of these my Misfortunes; but that the Captain restrain'd me, and us'd what Arguments he could for my Pacification.

After these violent Efforts of Passion were a little moderated, other Considerations began to flatter my Understanding, and I fancy'd this Letter might be forged, and her Character counterfeited; for, said I, a Vertue like hers can never be viciated to that Degree, as voluntarily to require the Breach of faithful Vows, nor her Reason and Religion impos'd upon so far as to believe the Gods to be Authors or Abettors of Crimes, as her Letter seems to intimate: No, no, *Exilia* is all Vertue and Wisdom, not capable of being abused by false Notions, or wrong Ideas; her noble Soul is so well fortify'd with Constancy, that it is able to resist the most violent Attacks of different Fortune; the Menaces of Adversity can no more affright her, than the Allurements of Honour or Interest entice her; the Crown of *Egypt*, or
the

the World's Empire are not able to move her Constancy, no not in the least Thought. Then, foolish *Exilius*, torment not thyself with Fears or Fancies; her Vertue, like thy good Genius, will secure thy Happiness.

At all which the Captain smil'd, saying, If a Man will murder himself, no Physician can make him live; otherwise, said he, I believe I could make you an Eye-Witness that she is not only obliging but fond of the King, if (continued he,) you could so far govern yourself as not to be discover'd; adding, that if my Passion should transport me, he were for ever ruin'd. I gave him my Faith and Honour to suffer any thing, even the infernal Pains, rather than do the least Action that might be to his Prejudice, and so begg'd him to accomplish this his Proposal.

Next Day he treated with one of *Exilia's* Women, to whom he had pretended Love, and by Means of a Present he made her, obtain'd his Desire in Regard of me, and so came and fetch'd me secretly out of Prison, and conducted me to that Closet where I had first reveal'd my Passion to *Exilia*.

Here, thro' a Cleft of the Wall under the Hangings, I saw into the next Room, where the King and *Exilia* were sitting. She received his Courtship with all the
Satis-

Satisfaction of a false and perjur'd Creature. During which, one of the Captains of the Guard came in, telling the King that he was come, according to his Majesty's Commands, to receive his Orders about *Exilius*; at which the King turning towards *Exilia*, told her, it was at her Disposal whether *Exilius* should live or die. Then let him die, (said she,) rather than live to upbraid me with Falshood and Inconstancy. Since it is your Will, (said the King, it shall be so: Then turning towards the Captain, gave Orders for my Death, as I suppose, tho' he spake in so low a Voice, that I did not hear his Words at that Distance. Then he ask'd *Exilia* what Time she thought fit to prescribe for my Execution, (as I gather'd by her Answer,) who said, This very Night. Give me your Hand, (said the King,) and you shall have your Desire. Now be pleased to know, that in that Country this is a Thing never to be done by any Woman, but on the Account of Marriage, or worse; for no Pretence of Friendship or Gratitude, (which sometimes makes it a reasonable Action among us,) can render it excusable amongst them. However, she so far forgot all Modesty, and her given Faith, that she refused not this obligatory Favour to his Majesty, and that on so barbarous an Engagement, as the Promise of my Death

that

that very Night ; as if my Life embitter'd every Moment of hers, and my Death was the only Step to her Felicity.

Tho' this Transaction put me out of all Patience, yet I forgot not my Promise to my Friend the Captain ; but so far bridled my Passion, as not to make any extravagant Excursion to his Disadvantage, and in Silence return'd with him to my Prison, where I expected Death with a real Satisfaction ; for I look'd on every Moment of my Life now but as an additional Link to that unhappy Chain of Misfortunes which attended mine innocent and virtuous Actions.

Thus I pass'd the Night in Expectation of mine Executioner, every Moment thanking the Gods for the Favour ; but nothing was acted 'till Morning, and then the Sentence was chang'd from a present Death, as I expected, to a greater Punishment ; for I was hurry'd out of Prison to a Sea-port, and there put into an old Carcass of a Vessel, without Sails, Oars, or any thing wherewith to conduct myself. In this helpless Condition I arriv'd on that Coast of *Africa* which is border'd by the great *Numidian* Forest. Here, being driven into a Creek, I quitted this desperate Instrument of my Escape, to seek a Being the most desolate and miserable in the World, in that Cave where this young Gentleman

Gentleman (addressing himself to *Ismenus*,) found me. Then think it not strange, that in my Rage and Despair, when my Thoughts entertain'd no other Object but *Scipiana*, that my Words and Actions corresponded, making me rave and adore the first female Figure that my Eyes encounter'd; which was the Cause that I fell at the Feet of *Ismenus*, when he was array'd in Woman's Habit, thinking him my *Scipiana*, my Goddess, or good Genius, 'till he undeceiv'd me, as you have already been inform'd.

The distressed Condition of *Ismenus* and *Clarinthia*, oblig'd me to quit this my Den of Horror and Despair, and out of a Principle of Humanity endeavour'd to assist my Fellow-Creatures, whose Danger and Distress commanded that Compassion for them I could not have for my hated self, and as they have already inform'd you, accomplish'd their Escape. And now I mean to go seek my Father in his rocky Island, and there pass the rest of my woful Days, 'till Death put a Period to my Sorrows.

Exilius having thus finish'd his Story, the Company gave him Thanks, much admiring his Vertue and Constancy in those extraordinary Vicissitudes of Fortune.

B O O K . V.

THE Reader may please to remember in the third Book, that the two Ladies *Scipiana* and *Clelia*, were interrupted in their Discourse by the Arrival of a certain Youth, Servant to *Fabius*; from whom he brought Letters to my Lord *Publius Scipio*. Now these Letters were to inform *Publius*, that his Nephew *Fabius*, as also *Jemella*, the fair Daughter of *Lucullus*, were detain'd Prisoners by *Clo dius*, in his Castle at *Sardinia*; from thence the same Messenger was to have gone to *Rome*, to advertize the two Noble Lords, *Lucullus* and *Fabius*, Fathers of the two Prisoners. But the poor Youth, *Almon*, falling sick, *Publius* was oblig'd to send an Express to *Rome*, to inform the said Lords, that they might take their Measures with the Senate for their Enlargement, whilst the poor Youth was constrain'd to attend his Recovery.

Night approaching, and the two Ladies, *Scipiana* and *Clelia*, being retir'd into their Apartment, *Clelia* begg'd *Scipiana* to finish her Story, and let her know what became of *Exilius* after put in Prison, and by what Means

Means she had made her Escape out of *Egypt*; of which two material Circumstances she was still ignorant, they having been divers Times interrupted in the Sequel of their Discourse.

Continuation of the

H I S T O R Y

O F

S C I P I A N A.

E*xilius* being put in Prison (said *Scipiana*) as I have already told you, I ceased not to implore the King continually on his behalf; but his Majesty was deaf to all my Petitions. He told me, if *Exilius* had conspir'd against his Crown or Life, the least Word from me should procure his Pardon; but being the Rival of his Love, it was not in the Power of Mercy to forgive. One Day in particular being at the King's Feet, with Tears in my Eyes, and earnest Importunities, I besought him to pity the poor *Exilius*, whose Youth and Constancy was all his Crime. Alas! my Royal Lord, (said I) blame not him for loving one who is his Equal, and one whom

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whom Fortune has render'd Copartner in all his Sufferings, it is a Weakness incident to all human Beings; then pity this poor Miserable, for her sake who now kneels before you; without him I neither can nor ought to live; our Hearts have been inseparably united since the Moment of our first Interview. At which the King assay'd to go away, but I caught hold of his Robe, beseeching him to hear me out. I will hear you in all Things, said the King, but when you ask the Life of *Exilius*; for that I neither can nor will grant, it being incompatible with my Affection.

At these Words, I was like one Thunder-struck, and sunk down quite bereaved of Sense. When I came to myself I found the King still with me, and, kissing my Hands, said, He was sorry to see me so passionate for one who deserved it not. I am sure (continued he,) *Exilius* would make no Difficulty to desert you, if thereby he might purchase his Life or Liberty. Be advis'd then, and consider wherein your Happiness consists. Weigh the Difference between a Monarch who offers you his Crown, together with his Love, and a poor abandon'd Creature, dependant on my Bounty; that if you had Kindness to yourself or him, or Gratitude towards me, you would act suitable to your Advantage and my Satisfaction, you would consider
with

167 EXILIUS; or,

with what Respect I have treated you, it being in my Power to oblige your Compliance, nevertheless, I left you Mistress of my Love and Empire; therefore, if you have any Sense of Generosity, or of the Honour I proffer you, conform your Will to a speedy Consent to my just Desires, I might say, Commands: And tho' the Wretch *Exilius* has deserved Death beyond all Degrees of Mercy, yet I make you Arbitrator of his Lot: If he dies, it is by your Tyranny. Adieu, I leave you to consider on the Event, so make your own Election.

The King being gone, I reflected on his Words, and consider'd with what Goodness and Generosity he had treated me: I could scarce forbear accusing myself of Ingratitude; but then again the Consideration of my Faith given to *Exilius*, render'd me incapable of gratifying the King's Desires. One while I represented to myself the Death of my unhappy Lover, the most faithful and passionate of all Men, dying by my Means, in whose Power it was to save his Life; that noble Life, so useful to the World; that dear Life, that had not only twice saved mine, but that of my Brother, the renowned *Asiaticus*, and in him the *Roman* Glory; that vertuous Life, that had subdued Rebels, redeem'd Royal and Nobles Captives, and fix'd the
falling

falling Crown of a mighty Monarch. O *Scipiana, Scipiana*, (did I say to myself,) how canst thou consent to, much less pronounce the Death of this thy Friend, Lover, and Benefactor, or rather this God-like Hero, the Benefactor of all Mankind! O! no, it is impossible: For I should be the cruellest of Creatures, abhorr'd of all Mankind, and the Odium of future Ages. And then again, considering the Means of saving his Life, which was more cruel than Death, I was in a perfect Exigence and Non-plus what to do; both was cruel to Extremity, neither admitting any Degree of Comparison of which was worst. Sometimes I resolved to discover my Quality to the King, and get him to send to my Father and the Senate, thereby to protract Time; but then I look'd on that as giving my tacit Consent. I was in this Labyrinth of Thoughts when one brought me a Letter from *Exilius*.

MADAM,

I Flatter myself, that my Sincerity is so well known to you, that I need use no previous Arguments to convince you, that I prefer your Happiness before all Things in this World, much before my own Life, which I hope will plead my Excuse, when I not only
counsel

counsel but beg you to accept of those glorious Offers made you by our Royal Benefactor.

Madam, when Advantage courts, and Miseries threaten, we must not suffer our Passions to argue in Opposition, unless we renounce our Reason, the Mark of our Humanity. Nay more, we abandon even the Sense of Animals, if we avoid not a Precipice where we see another fall.

Then give me Leave, Madam, to conjure you to let my Fall be your Security, which will, in some Degree, make happy, or at least abate the Miseries of,

MADAM,

*Your Ladyship's most humble and
unfortune Servant,*

EXILIUS.

Having read this Letter, I was more confounded than ever. I saw in it such a Mixture of Kindness and Inconstancy as I knew not how to separate or distinguish. Here Friendship, there Interest; here Kindness, there Inconstancy; in this Part Love, in that Reason; but all was so tangled one with another, that I knew not where to fix or begin to unravel his real Thoughts.

The Banish'd R O M A N. 169

Thoughts. Sometimes I made tender Reflections on his Kindness, and then my Love increas'd, in Consideration of what he suffer'd for me, and presently I disdain'd him as the falsest of Men, and hated myself for having ever lov'd him. My Scorn would shoot up with such Violence, so as to eradicate all those tender Thoughts his Services had planted in my Soul, and the Eyes of my Understanding seem'd open to distinguish between him, a miserable Vagabond, and a Sovereign Monarch, who offer'd me his Crown together with his Love, who had courted me most honourably, and been indulgent to my Humour and capricious Freaks. Thus I rais'd my Thoughts to the highest Pitch of Vanity, and then branch'd them forth, by enumerating the Honours and Antiquities of my Family, the Noble House of the *Scipio's*; then look'd down with Scorn into the Abyss of his Obscurity, wondering what Power of Darkness, or ill Genius, had level'd this Inequality. A thousand Things I thought, and as many bitter Things I utter'd against this unworthy perfidious *Exilius*; all which were reported to the King by those Women about me, who endeavour'd to make their Court by their officious Intelligence; and his Majesty would not lose so favourable an Occasion,

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but

but order'd all Things to be prepared for the speedy Celebration of our Marriage.

But, oh! how inscrutable are the mysterious Turnings of human Cogitations, and how inevitable the Vicissitudes of exterior Events! Both compose Labyrinths for Reason to lose her Way, unless conducted by the Line of Vertue: This I experienc'd, when the King sent me his Commands to dispose myself for a speedy Marriage. Then did all those Resentments I had conceiv'd against *Exilius* vanish, and his Worth appear'd more bright than ever: All his Services and vertuous Affection, his modest long conceal'd Passion, his tender Declaration, seem'd now to enlarge themselves as Shadows at the Sun's declining. Methought his Sufferings drew that Knot strait which our mutual Vows had ty'd; and that seeming Willingness (in his Letter) to loosen it, serv'd only to tie it faster, and render it impossible to be undone, 'till cut together with the Thread of our Lives. His Dungeon was much more charming to my Thoughts than that Dignity which courted me. I hated myself, the King, and all that conduc'd to this my glorious Undoing. I accus'd the Gods that had made me fair, my Parents, and *European* Education, that had render'd me agreeable.

Unhappy

The Banish'd ROMAN. 171

Unhappy Maid, (said I to myself,) that cannot be in Love with Riches, doat upon Honour, and idolize Grandeur, which carry with them such Charms as inchant and intoxicate the greatest Part of Mankind, and chiefly our Sex, who are said to be their most exact Votaries. Why was I born? Or, why was I born a Female? Or, why did I not die in my Infancy? Or, why did not some foul Disease seize my Youth, to disfigure this unhappy Form, that it might have been Love's Antidote to all Beholders? Or why, O ye immortal Powers! did you not give me a Soul unjust, treacherous, or unfaithful, thereby to render me the Odium of all virtuous People? But why, oh! why have you given me an Interior, bearing so great a Resemblance to your own divine Purities, and not given me the Power to act accordingly; but have fix'd me in such a State, that my Actions must combat my Conscience, and my Conscience oppose my Reason, and all make a civil War in my Affections. Happiness courts me, Misery flies me: I, like a Creature quite irrational, avoid the former, and pursue the latter, which I am bound to do by Inclination and Religion, and forbid by Reason and Necessity. Virtue and Wisdom, which are generally Friends and Allies, in me are utter Enemies; I cannot adhere to

the one, nor dare not incline to the other. I am made up of Antipathies and Contradictions, which compose a Chaos of Madness, Misery, and Despair. O ye divine Powers, assist me! O Vertue, be my Guide thro' this Wilderness, into which my cruel Stars have misled me! O all ye immortal Beings, that contributed to raise the *Scipio's* to their Grandeur, and each good Genius of my Ancestors, suffer not a Daughter of this noble House, which has been your peculiar Care so many Ages, to fall into Dishonour! Whilst I was thus confusedly entertaining my distracted Thoughts, the King came to make me a Visit. He treated me with a chearful Discourse of Things indifferent, which I received with all the agreeable Complaisance I could, thereby to screw him up to a good Humour, the better to repeat my Request to him touching *Exilius*. But before any happy Moment gave me Occasion to speak, the Captain of the Guard came in, telling the King, he was come according to his Majesty's Command, to know his Orders about *Exilius*. At which, his Majesty turning towards me, said, Madam, I suppose you have by this Time fix'd your Resolution touching *Exilius*. You know the Conditions of his Life and Death, therefore be pleas'd to give your Sentence. To which I reply'd, all transported with Grief

Grief and Anger, saying, *Let him die rather than live to upbraid me with Falshood and Inconstancy.* Since 'tis your Will (said the King,) it shall be so: Then, turning to the Captain, gave Order for his Execution that very Night. This very Night! (replied I, all distracted) Can nothing purchase his Life one Night! Yes, (said the King) give me your Hand, and you shall have his Life to Night. Alas! (said I) I will give my Hand, my Life, or any thing, to purchase his Life but for a Moment. So giving my Hand, begg'd that *Exilius* might live; to which the King accorded, and forthwith dispatch'd the Captain. Now, you must know, that, in that Country, a Woman never gives her Hand on any Occasion, but gives withal the Assurance of her Person, This I did not well know then, but thought it was as with us, that it might be done on divers Occasions, without Consequence.

I having thus ignorantly given this Assurance to the King, his Majesty express'd greater Transport than is needful to repeat: But I being all Grief and Distraction, begg'd him to leave me; which accordingly he did, vowing he would not defer his Happiness.

Next Morning I heard that *Exilius* was sent away in the most miserable Condition in the World, in an old Boat, without

Sails, Oars, or any Manner of Provision; which was indeed giving him Life, but accompany'd with such Circumstances, as render'd it worse than Death. This cruel, or rather tyrannical Treatment to him, whom I lov'd above all terrestrial Beings, rais'd in me such Anger, as turn'd to Hatred and Aversion to the King, which, 'till then, had never touch'd my Thoughts: For his Majesty had demean'd himself with so much Goodness and Generosity towards me, that it was impossible for a grateful Soul not to love him as the best of Friends, Masters, and Benefactors. To which add his Person truly handsome and graceful, his Humour agreeable and gallant, all his Actions moderate and merciful, (this being the only cruel Action of his Life) that it was impossible for the proudest Beauty, or severest Vertue, not to be touch'd where he address'd. But I, miserable Creature, was dead to all but *Exilius*; his unparallel'd Services had taken my Heart, and fortify'd it against all amorous Attacks whatsoever: and now this severe Treatment, he had found, redoubled all its Guards, rendering it more impregnable than ever. Nevertheless, when Word was brought me from the the King, that in three Days I must dispose myself for his Espousals, I cannot tell you in what a Consternation of Mind I pass'd my

my Hours; 'tis certain, that in two Days I neither eat nor slept, and resolv'd never more to gratify or assist Nature in that Kind, but leave her to be vanquish'd and overcome by Death, her everlasting Enemy: In which I pleas'd myself, to think I should be revenged on the King; and, for that Reason, spitefully wish'd the Augmentation of his Love, that his Affliction might be the more insupportable. This Despair chang'd my Desires, and I saw, in the dark Recess of Death, that Glimmering of Satisfaction, which the dazzl'd Eyes of my Understanding were not capable to behold elsewhere; but like Wolves, and other wild Beasts of Prey, who see best in the Night, this black Despair, which benighted my Reason, made me see Happiness in Malice, Rancour, and Revenge.

The Evening before the Day appointed for our Marriage, the Captain of the Guard, our *Roman* Friend, sent one to let me know, that he was mortally wounded in a Rencounter, and desir'd to speak with me speedily. At my Arrival, he told me, that he could not die in Quiet, nor hope for Mercy from the Gods, 'till he had reveal'd and ask'd Pardon for his Treason committed against me and *Exilius*. It was I, Madam, (continued he) who being perfect in the *Roman* Language, and knew your Character, counterfeited that Letter

from *Exilius* to you, and likewise one from you to him. Your Stile, as well as Character, on both Sides, were so well represented, that I think neither of you mistrusted, or thought of any Deceit; for as your Letter to him was full of Devotion and Submission to the Will of the Gods, so his to you was grounded on Reason, and the Necessity of obeying its Rudiments. These were the Topicks on which I founded my perswasive Arguments to you both, as knowing these two, *to wit*, Religion in you, and Reason in him, to be the Regents of your vertuous Souls, which reigned with an Authority never to be control'd. It was I, Madam, this wretched repenting Creature, who brought him secretly into your Closet, where he saw you give your Hand to the King; which in this Country is never done but on the Account of Marriage. It was I that contrived that cunning Placing of our Words, and tuning our Voice so, that he believed you begg'd his speedy Death of the King, as being loth to have a living Witness of your Inconstancy; so that he believes you not only false and marry'd to the King, but also pleas'd and fond of this your glorious Perjury. Thus is this most excellent and faithful of all Lovers the most wrong'd and abused of all Men.

At

At the Knowledge hereof, Good Gods!
how violent was the Passion that seiz'd me!
I told him, that nothing but the Destruction of *Egypt* should satisfy my Revenge, unless he could invent some Means to prevent or escape this Marriage: I will (said I) declare before the Altar of *Hymen*, that I am Daughter to *Publius Scipio*, a *Roman* Senator, and therefore ought not to be marry'd without the Consent of the Senate; so, in the Presence of the Gods and all the People, refuse my Consent, and swear never to be at Rest 'till *Egypt* be by *Rome* destroyed. The Captain was surpriz'd at the Knowledge of my Quality; but soon recollected himself, and told me, that I spake like a true noble *Roman*, and Daughter of that honourable Family: But (said he) it is much easier to avoid, than Revenge the Blow. If your *Roman* Courage will support you to undertake the Enterprize which I shall counsel, I doubt not but you may accomplish your Escape. And therewithal he told me he would send a Suit of Cloaths of his Livery, in which, befriended by the Night, I might escape without Suspicion. This Proposal pleas'd me beyond Expression; I thanked, forgave, and prayed for him, then returned to my Lodging, where I attended the Performance of his Promise, which was not long, for in few Hours
he

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he sent me the Disguise; but before I left my Apartment, I wrote these few Words to the King.

ROYAL SIR,

S*ince the poor Exilia is escap'd, as not being worthy those Honours offer'd by your Majesty, she humbly begs you will cast your Eyes on Fabel, who in her Retreat sighs for you, and is, no Doubt that Roman design'd by the Gods for your Majesty; her Birth and Beauty in some Degree qualify her for it; her vertuous Inclination lay Claim to it; her being a Roman entitles her to the Divine Prediction: Then, Royal Sir, oppose not Heaven and your own Happiness, in thinking on the unfortunate*

EXILIA.

Having left this little Billet, I made my Escape without Difficulty or Opposition, and got safe to the Port of *Alexandria*, where I found a Vessel bound for *Italy*, ready to go off; in which Fortune favour'd me so well, that I got hither safe; where, for an Augmentation of my Happiness, I found you, my Dear Cousin, in the Grove, and forgetting the Disguise I wore, embraced you with much Joy and Transport.

END of the FIRST Volume.

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